

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 12, 1886

NUMBER 759

S. G. AUSTIN & CO

Ladies' Muslin Underwear.

Ladies' Gauze Vests

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Fast Color Lawns.

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Bargains in Children's Hose.

Bargains in Ladies' Hose.

Bargains in Towels.

Bargains in Quilts.

Borgains in Summer Silks.

LOWEST PRICES!

LOWEST PRICES!

—The thirsty earth needs rain.

—D. H. Spencer is in Chicago to-day.

—Mr. Powell, the bridegroom, has come to our city.

—Tom Lowe, who sang so high in days gone by, was here yesterday.

—Prof. W. H. Smith is slowly but we hope permanently improving.

—We are under obligations to Ephraim Horner for South Dixon news.

—Mrs. J. Ebinger and niece, Miss Anna Geissenheimer, are visiting friends in Oskosh, Wis.

—The Rev. John Wilkinson has returned from a several days absence at Chicago and other cities.

—Seth Drew, Jr., has been confined to the house for several weeks with inflammatory rheumatism.

—Miss Jennie, daughter of a former Dixon merchant, is here visiting with Mrs. Chas. Gardner.

—R. A. Rodesch goes to Cedar Rapids to-day to deliver Geo. Beale one of Estey & Co's. finest make piano.

—Geo. L. Shuler has returned from the North-west and reports crops suffering from draught in Dakota.

—Mrs. Anna Worthington assisted in the music at the commencement exercises in the Polo public school last evening.

—H. L. Lyon left for his home in Atchinson this morning, feeling certain that Prof. Smith's speedy recovery is assured.

—Mrs. Henry Remmers left to-day for Cedar Rapids where she will visit for a week with her daughter, Mrs. George Beale.

—Pat O'Brien is a duck that is not easily drowned, so he claims; and he also assures us on his own personal recognizance that he is still on earth.

—Prof. D. Alonza Chapman, one of the leading educators of Kansas, who has been visiting his uncle, A. H. Parks, left for Cincinnati to visit his parents before returning to his western home.

—Countryman & Co. have peachblow vases that are counterparts of the famous celestial jewel. Our merchants sell their's for less than eighteen thousand dollars per single vase.

—Mrs. Trust and daughter, who have been visiting the former's brother, Dr. O. B. Blackman, returned to their home in Hillsboro last night. Geo. Blackman accompanied them and will spend the summer there.

—Mrs. D. C. Harden, of Nelson, burst a blood vessel in the nose on Wednesday evening and great difficulty was experienced before the flow of blood could be checked. Excitement and heat are supposed to be the cause.

—The wedding guests returned from Springfield last evening, all delighted with their trip and pleasant time. From the Springfield Journal we copy a full account of the happy event. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Dement, parents of the bride, gave a reception at their residence after the ceremony at the church.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

The Wedding of Mr. Edward Brown and Miss Gertrude May Dement.

From the Springfield Journal:—Miss Gertrude May Dement and Mr. Edwards Brown were united in marriage last evening at eight o'clock at the First Presbyterian church, the Rev. James A. Reed officiating. The last twelve months have been remarkable for the number of handsome weddings that have occurred here, and the one last night equaled, if not eclipsed, the most brilliant of them all. Miss Dement was the eldest daughter of Hon. Henry D. Dement, Secretary of State. She has resided in Springfield since her father's election to the office he holds, and has been one of the belles of our society circles. Mr. Edward Brown is the second son of Hon. C. C. Brown and is now in the real estate business, his father being a silent member of the firm.

There were many visitors in the city yesterday attracted by the wedding, and a large crowd attended. The walk from the carriage step to the church entrance was carpeted and covered with a striped canvas canopy, this screening the bridal party from the eyes of the curious upon the sidewalks.

The church doors were thrown open at 7:30 o'clock and the church was rapidly filled with guests. The ushers were Messrs. James L. Cook, Irving Chatterton, E. E. Vincent, J. A. Kimber, Louis Clover and W. W. Tracy. Mrs. Alice Knap presided at the organ and during the seating of the audience played several pretty selections, the happiest of which perhaps was: "For He is Going to Marry Yum Yum." Shortly before eight o'clock the lights were turned on full and displayed a brilliant assemblage of well dressed ladies and gentlemen, composing the elite of the city. The front of the church, about the pulpit and choir loft was one mass of potted plants, the pulpit stand being completely hid by the luxuriant foliage. Something like a dozen row of seats had been reserved for the near relatives of the families, and these were so numerous that the seats were filled. At 8 o'clock there was a significant pause, then Mrs. Knap struck up Lohengrin's grand wedding march and the bridal party entered in the following order: The groomsmen, Messrs. Allen H. Smith, and John W. Black, Hal Williams and John H. Brown, Howard Brown and Frank Cowgill. Then the bridesmaids, Misses Lucia Dement, and Bessie Brown, Miss Mollie Brown and Miss Cornie Coleman, of Dixon, Miss Bessie Eells, of Dixon, and Miss Richardson, followed by the groom escorting Mrs. Dement and the bride leaning upon the arm of her father. As the groomsmen neared the altar they ranged themselves upon the right, the bridesmaids upon the left. The groom halted in the center, left Mrs. Dement and turning, met Miss Dement and led her to the front of the altar where they were met by Dr. Reed. The ceremony was a little long but very pretty, and as Mr. Reed said, in figure, "God the best maker of all marriages combine your hearts in one," all felt the solemnity of the occasion.

The all important words pronounced the bride and groom locked arms, the groomsmen one by one stepped to the lady attendants on the right and the party marched out in couples as follows: Miss Lucia Dement and Mr. Cowgill, Miss Bessie Brown and Mr. John H. Brown, Miss Mollie Brown and Mr. Williams, Miss Coleman and Mr. Howard Brown, Miss Eells and Mr. Black, Miss Richardson and Mr. Smith. It was a handsome party. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white silk. The bridesmaids wore white silk with white crepe or white mull overskirts, and Mrs. Dement wore a pale blue silk. They were driven directly to Mr. Dement's residence on West Monroe street where supper was served and an opportunity given for a few moments rest before the guest began to arrive for the reception, which was held from nine until twelve. The house was decorated with wealth of marguerites and large bunches of white flowers, which served to give it a bright appearance. The heartiest congratulations were showered upon the young couple, and many are the heartfelt wishes for their future welfare.

The Journal gives an extended list of the guests present among them we note the names of Gov. and Mrs. Oglesby, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Swigert, Mr. and Mrs. Paddock, Gen. and Mrs. Vance, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Parsons and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Squires.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown left upon the mid night train for Chicago, from which place they will probably go north for a couple of weeks.

—The annual commencement and graduating exercises of the North Dixon High school were well attended and passed off with order and decorum last evening. There was the usual profusion of flowers and an omission of the offensive display of presents; in accordance with the suggestion made by THE TELEGRAPH. We give the proceedings about in the order that they occurred:

Invocation, Rev. J. M. Ruthrauff; Instrumental duet, Misses Ellen Laing and Louisa Howell; Salutatory and Essay, "Lights down the Stream," Lillian Prescott; Essay, "The Web of Life," Minnie Decker; Song, Ave Maria, Mrs. Dodge, Misses Laing and Holt; Essay, "Despotism of Fashion," Emma Johnson; Essay, "School Life," Anna Todd; Instrumental music, Miss Hattie Russell; Valedictory and oration, "Ireland," Thomas Irwin. Judge Farrand presented the diplomas with a few appropriate remarks and Eugene Pinkney, Mrs. S. S. Dodge and Misses Laing and Holt sang Beautiful River of Dreams. Bessie O'Brien and Bessie Morrison were sweet little flower girls.

—The Laplanders, or "A Cold Day Company," will be here Thursday evening and we may anticipate a rare treat as Warren Ashley and his talented little wife, Marie Heath, take leading parts in the play.

—Miss Lou Brown, who for several months past has successfully filled the position as stenographer in the office of J. Thompson & Son's manufacturers, Beloit, Wis., returned to our city this evening and will visit friends for several weeks.

—The Rev. W. A. Lipe will preach his last sermon to the St. James congregation of South Dixon to-morrow morning and to the Nachusa congregation in the afternoon. In the evening he will officiate in the Lutheran church in our city. He and his family will leave for their new home in Cedar Rapids on Tuesday.

—The soldiers of the Salvation Army now in this city are working with great earnestness and, THE TELEGRAPH fears, receive but little encouragement. When the collection was made last evening it was noticed that the result was a beggarly show of coppers. Would it not be well for some one to see to it that these soldiers of the Salvation Army are not actually in need. They room in Mr. Mead's house, on Third street, west of Vann's carriage shop. We have no doubt that a loaf of bread or other edibles would be acceptable.

A correspondent who wrote Mr. Howells and asked him: "Who is the greatest novelist in the world?" has not received an answer. Mr. Howells wishes it distinctly understood that he will pay no attention to ignorant people.—Washington Hatchet.

Church Announcements.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church, "Children's Day," or "Flower Sunday." Morning sermon, "Relations of Childhood to the Church," Communion. The evening sermon, "The Saved and the Lost." All are cordially invited to both services.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Morning text, "Never man spake like this man;" John, 7:46. At night Rev. W. A. Lipe will preach to young people.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Children's Day. 10:30 a. m. sermon to young people. 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school concert under direction of the superintendent.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

Whitsun Day, June 13. 10:00 A. M. the Holy Communion. 10:45 Morning Service and sermon. 12:15 P. M. Sunday school and Bible Class. 7:30 Evening Prayer and Sermon.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

St. Louis bottle beer at A. NULL'S.

Try the Star cigar at A. NULL'S.

The "Bon Ton" suits everybody. It is the best—hence the cheapest. Ask your grocerman for it. 759tf.

Painting and Papering.

Charles Kelly is prepared to do all sorts of work in the line of papering, painting, paper hanging, etc. 699tf.

LOWER INTEREST.

Farm loans made at 6 1/2 per cent. interest by JAMES B. CHARTERS. 864 755w4

Dying and Cleaning.

Of all kinds, on Second street west of arch, by S. Lathrop. 864 748tf

Sweet Potato Plants

For sale by J. W. KENT. 748w2

CONDENSED NEWS.

The discovery of a six-foot vein of coal at Odin, Ills., gives Marion county four good mines.

President Cleveland courteously declined to accept a wedding present for his wife from the sultan of Turkey.

The boxes scattered about New York to receive contributions to the Grant monument fund were gathered and opened, Friday, and found to contain \$120.

Mrs. Weber, a daughter of Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer of St. Louis, has brought suit for divorce on the grounds of drunkenness, neglect and abuse.

Ben Butler, in a recent interview in Philadelphia, confessed his appreciation of the fact that the laboring element of the country can not be cemented into a successful party organization.

Flames swept away the court house and seventeen other buildings at Litchfield, Conn., the losses being \$100,000. The box factory of Firstbrook Bros., at Toronto, worth \$100,000, was also burned.

In a farm-house near Columbus, Ohio, two deputy marshals captured one of the most expert counterfeiters in the United States, named J. A. Brown, together with his accomplice, and their tools and coin.

George C. Klehm, chairman of the Cook county commissioners, has prepared a series of tables which show that the state courts at Chicago cost \$484,827 during the year just closed, and that their earnings were \$80,381.

The organization of a company of hussars in a Polish Catholic church at Pittsburgh led to such bitterness of feeling in the parish that Father Miskiewicz has received an anonymous letter threatening to blow up his house with dynamite.

Sentences of one year each in the penitentiary were Friday imposed upon J. J. Cullen and Emil Topp, of Chicago, for obtaining passes and half-rate tickets from the Lake Shore road on the false pretense that they were for the Young Men's Christian association.

Stephen B. Elkins, in discussing the probable vacancy in the treasury department, expressed himself as positive in the belief that ex-Senator Henry D. Davis would not accept the position, but that the coming man is Representative W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania.

Italian Singers in Court.

There was an amusing case in a San Francisco court the other day. Cherubini, the well-known Italian singer, was there as a defendant, being charged with making an assault upon one Belasco, a property man. When the defendant held up his hands to be sworn, he exclaimed in an excited manner: "I swear fifteen thousand times," and when his testimony was brought to a conclusion he cried out: "Oh, please, please, let me tell ever, ever so much more." Though the assault was proven the excitable basso was let off scott-free, it having appeared in evidence that the plaintiff had become addicted to frying fish beneath the great singer's nose, and this apparently the judge thought justified the assault.—Detroit Free Press.

Some Queer Postoffices in Tennessee.

"We used to have some very queer post-office names in our state," said a Tennessee gentleman whom I met on 'change the other day.

"Seven-Up is there, I believe?" I said.

It used to be, was the answer, "but it has been changed. We have gone into the reform business, and given other names to Damphool, Damnit, Daddy's Creek, Busted, Drawback, while the latest to go is Angleton. This last has been discontinued altogether.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The sure effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are thorough and permanent. If there is a lurking taint of scrofula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dislodge it, and dispel it from your system.

Tillson & Hayden wish to state that they have at last found an article they can sell on its merits. It is with pleasure they guarantee to the public Ayer's English remedy as a sure and never failing cure for Asthma, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Lung Troubles.

Sewing.

Miss Rose Jackson, house on 5th, west of Peoria street, is prepared to do sewing and dressmaking at her home or by the day. Prices reasonable. 679m6.

Tilson & Hayden would specially recommend to the ladies Ayer's Dyspepsia Tablets. As a laxative they have no equal. They are guaranteed to cure Chronic Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all disease arising from a deranged stomach. With the free use of the Tablets, Sick Headache is impossible. 598y1

Drunkenness.

The inebriate's craving for liquor is caused by a diseased stomach, and the application of an appropriate medical remedy prevents this craving and thus promotes the cause of temperance in an effective and rational manner. Simmons Liver Regulator arouses the torpid digestive organs to healthy action and counteracts the desire for more drink.

Tillson & Hayden wish to make an assertion, which they can back with a positive guarantee. "It is all about Ayer's Blood Elixir. [We claim for it superior merits over all other remedies of its kind, and guarantee for it a positive and sure cure for Rheumatism, Syphilis and all blood disorders. It frees the skin from spots and disease, and leaves the complexion clear.] Ask us about it. 598y1

Announcements.

At the solicitation of many friends I announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of County Judge at the coming election. JAMES B. CHARTERS.

I will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the voters on the second day of November, 1886. June 3d, 1886. dw ISAAC EDWARDS.

WANTED.

TO BORROW, on five years time, eight hundred dollars, security on town property. Address "Per Cent," care of Telokanau office, through the post office. 864 754tf.

FOR SALE.

HOUSE and LOT in Hines addition, \$500. D. D. O'BRIEN. 738eo2w

FOR RENT.

SECOND HOUSE west of Arch, north side Second street. And half double house on Main street, third west of Peoria. E. C. PARSONS. 734tf

A HOUSE for rent. Enquire of Dr. Brooks. 745w1

J. W. Kent has now established here a purchasing agency. He takes a trip to Chicago at least each week and then purchases such goods as may be ordered by citizens. Orders can be left at his store in the post-office room. 748tf

A whisker dye must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers unites in itself all these merits. Try it.

Wood.

Good dry wood for sale, \$4.00 delivered. M. McROBERTS.

DO YOU

Feel tired and worn out? If so, try a bottle of

HIGGINS'

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

THE BEST. TRY IT

PRICE \$1.00!

Neck-Ties!

THE NEWEST

SILKS

SATIN LINED,

25 Cents, 25

—AT—

The Hatter's,
C. A. TODD.

"A COLD DAY"

—AT THE—

OPERA HOUSE,
THURSDAY EV'G, JUNE 17

The Funniest of All Plays!

Miss Marie Heath

—AND—

MR. WARREN ASHLEY!

IN THE CAST.

A Cold Day When We Get Left Co

SECURE YOUR SEATS.

THE DRAMA.

News, Notes and Anecdotes
About the Stage and its
Professionals.

A WAY THAT LAWRENCE BARRETT HAD.

The Two Congressmen Who Went to See
"Fra Diavolo"—Salvini and His
Candles—Stage Notes.

A Way That Barrett Had.

Mr. William Henry McConnell, until quite recently manager of the Brooklyn Theater, has a great many entertaining tales to tell of his experience with American actors, and a favorite theme with him is the distinguished Lawrence Barrett. He says he became pretty well acquainted with Mr. Barrett during the brief season that he served as the eminent tragedian's agent. It seems that Messrs. Miles & Barton, of Cincinnati, had engaged Barrett for a Southern tour, and, of course, they provided the supporting company; accordingly Barrett had no jurisdiction over the company—that is to say, the company was hired for the season, and Mr. Barrett could not discharge nor fine any member thereof. Finding himself in need of a business representative, Barrett hired McConnell, and it was upon his devoted head that Barrett wreaked the wrath provoked by the incompetent company furnished by Miles & Barton. The season lasted only a few weeks, but during that time McConnell was discharged 368 times. If one of the company hitched in his lines—McConnell was discharged; if the audience was chary of applause—McConnell was discharged; if the scenery refused to shove smoothly—McConnell was discharged; in short, every trifling detail for which McConnell was in no way responsible was made a pretext for his peremptory dismissal. Quite naturally McConnell soon came to take his numerous discharges as matters of course, and he accepted them in a perfunctory sort of a way; this was entirely satisfactory to Barrett, because he looked upon the discharging of an employee merely as a trifling circumstance which was needed to whet a tragedian's appetite or to let the employee know that the employer was on deck. And as McConnell was the only man Barrett could discharge it was only natural that he should be the sole recipient of all Mr. Barrett's favors in this line. McConnell got so, finally, that he could tell in the morning just how many times he was going to be discharged that day; the weather had a great deal to do with it, the press notices a great deal more, but there was no physical nor spiritual condition that did not have some marked effect on Barrett's appetite for firing McConnell. One Saturday night when they were at Galveston, Barrett said to McConnell:

"Sir, on the morrow I shall be the guest of Colonel—. If you should see me driving about the city during the day you will raise your hat to me respectfully."

"I knew you were going to be absent to-morrow," said McConnell, with proper humility, "and I have prepared a little schedule for the day which I hope you will sign, as a personal favor to me."

"Let me peruse it, sir," demanded the tragedian, gloomily.

McConnell handed him a bit of paper on which were written a number of figures, thus: "8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30," etc., etc.

"Well, sir," inquired Mr. Barrett sternly, "what does all this arrant figuration signify?"

"The half-hours show when I may consider myself discharged to-morrow," answered McConnell, meekly, "and the hours when I may consider myself re-engaged."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barrett, eagerly; and he signed the paper at once.—Chicago News.

Statesmen at the Opera.

Two well-known Congressmen—well-known for their eminent morals and correct living—Colonel X., of Kentucky, and Judge Z., of Indiana, went to Albaugh's Tuesday night to hear the Winston Opera Company do "Fra Diavolo," set down on the bills as the charming masterwork of Auber, but Greek of the Greekiest character to our two Congressional ascetics. They had seats well down toward the danger line, and just behind them sat a Critic man intent upon the beautiful con-

mos, fugues, scherzos and other things scattered through a popular opera. Through the first act the two gentlemen sat with the complacent endurance of old habitués, and when the second was begun they settled down to enjoy in their feeble way the full amount of their investment in seats.

Louise Searle, pretty and plump, was playing Zerlina, and it was observed that the Kentuckian looked at the Indianan every time she showed up, and smiled with a sort of copper-distilled smile, but in the second act, when she came out and made a few remarks about retiring to the snowy couch back near the flat, both gentlemen betrayed signs of alarm and moved about nervously as if anxious to get out of the wicked theater and into a safe place.

"She ain't going to bed, is she, Colonel?" asked the Judge, in evident trepidation.

"Of course not right heah befo' the whole house," said the Colonel, soothingly.

Then they waited a minute and she began to unlace her bodice.

The Judge nudged the Colonel.

"What's she doin' that for?" he asked.

"Reckon it's too tight," replied the Colonel, with some curiosity.

"No, it ain't. Look at her! She's rippin' the whole darn thing open!" whispered the Judge excitedly.

"Dog-gone if she ain't," said the Colonel; "but, of course, she won't daiah to take off anything else."

"I most sincerely hope not," replied the Judge, sighing with relief as the pretty Zerlina ceased operations for a moment.

Then she began to take off the little white jacket, and the rounded arms and soft white neck gleamed in the footlights.

"Look at that, Colonel! Look at that!" gasped the Judge. "She's going to undress sure as chills on the Wabash! Good gracious, what would our wives say if they were to see us here?"

"For the Lawd's sake, Judge, I don't know. Maybe it won't be so bad. Let's wait a while and see, anyhow."

Zerlina sang and smiled innocently, and began to unfasten her bright red dress.

The Judge was wild.

"Colonel, Colonel," he whispered hoarsely, "she's going to take off the last rag. She's going to do it, sure, and here we are, church members and men of family, setting right down lookin' at the whole disgraceful performance! Let's get out of this! Come on!"

"Dog-gone if she ain't," said the Colonel, and as the Judge dragged him along the aisle the Colonel kept looking over his shoulders at the stage and the pretty Zerlina till the lobby door closed and shut the pious legislators off from the perilous possibilities of the wicked place.—Washington Critic.

Salvini and His Candles.

Tommaso Salvini, the eminent tragedian, who sailed for Europe recently on the steam-ship Alaska, like John Gilpin, is of a frugal mind. The luggage that he took with him included several boxes of candles, worth, according to the sworn statement of Mr. Charles A. Chizzola, \$140. Salvini has long been noted among the members of the dramatic profession for his economy, but the extent to which he carries it has probably never been more than hinted at before.

When the great actor signed a contract with Chizzola on March 2, 1885, to give a series of performances in the principal cities of the United States during the season of '85-'86, he exacted that the manager should furnish him with four candles each day, with which to light his dressing-rooms at the theaters. Mr. Chizzola agreed to this, thinking that he would only be expected to carry out the agreement when the company performed in such smaller theaters as are not provided with the usual conveniences of gas or electric light. He found himself mistaken, however, as Salvini insisted on getting his four candles each night before he appeared.

Not one of these candles was used during the trip. As he received them each day Salvini packed them away carefully in boxes, which he took all over the country with him. When he was ready to go back to the sunny skies of his native Italy, he had collected a sufficient quantity of candles to light his house at home for several years to come.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Stage Notes.

Mrs. LANGTRY's dresses for her coming American tour have cost her \$20,000.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Matter Which May Be Read
With Profit by the
Young.

WHAT KINDNESS DID.

Two Doughnut Boys—A Stick of Candy—
The Crocodile's Dentist—The
Stream in the Woods.

My Creed.

I hold that Christian peace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, as vain pretense.
Where center is not—can there be
Circumference?

That I moreover hold and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn taste, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man may live apart
From worlds, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—Alice Cary.

Two Doughnut Boys.

"Oh, dear!" said Ray, his blue eyes full of tears, "he's such a hateful boy, that Tommy Briggs is, mamma. I wish I didn't ever get acquainted with him. I wish his father didn't live so near by Uncle Jack's farm."

Mamma Trevor looked at her boy's flushed little face and smiled; but she didn't say a word until she had taken Ray to the wide kitchen sink and sponged forehead and dimpled chin, blue eyes and rosy mouth, with clear, cool water.

"Now, what is it, dear?" she asked.

"It's Tommy Briggs," said Ray, putting out his lip again. "O, mamma, he's so mean and hateful—"

"Ray, Ray! that isn't the right way to talk, even about those whom we believe are our enemies," interrupted mamma, gently. "Do you think it is?"

"No'm," Ray answered honestly, winking pretty fast; "but I can't help it, mamma. I know Tommy Briggs is my enemy, and a good deal worse. Why, mamma, don't you believe—"

Ray stopped, and shut his white teeth together with a snap. Mamma didn't smile this time. She spoke very soberly:

"Well, dear, go on. What did Tommy do?"

"You know that big, nice apple Aunt 'Rusha gave me this morning, don't you?" Ray swallowed a big sob. "'Twas the very last one she had, 'cause she'd kept it wrapped away in tissue paper all winter to see how long it would keep, and there came a little tiny speck of rot on it, and she gave it to me. 'Twas the very last one, you know; and it smelled just as nice, and the rest won't be ripe for a long time. And I started to go out where the men are mowing to show it to Uncle Jack, and when I was going across the pasture Tommy Briggs ran up behind me and grabbed it, and ate it every mite up but the bones, mamma, and didn't give me even so much as a bite. Don't you think he's a real mean, bad boy, mamma?" Ray's face was flushing up again as fast as ever it could.

Mamma looked pretty sober, though she almost had to laugh about the bones.

"I think he did very wrong, dear," she said, "and if I were in your place I believe I would kill him."

How astonished Ray looked at that. He could hardly believe his ears.

"Why, mamma," said he, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," mamma answered, gently, "that I would kill the naughty spirit in Tommy's heart with a good deal of kindness."

Ray understood and he looked interested, though a little doubtful.

"I don't hardly know how," said he; "but I'll try next chance I have."

"That's my good boy," Mamma Trevor said, kissing first one round cheek and then the other. "Your chance will come soon enough, dear."

And so it did. That very day was baking day, and when Aunt 'Rusha was frying cakes she remembered Ray's disappointment and fried two rich, plump, brown doughnut boys for him.

"These are to pay for the apple you lost," said she, laughing. "You must look out sharper this time, dear."

"Yes'm, Aunt 'Rusha, I will," said Ray. "Oh, thank you ever so much."

Then he went out under the vines on the back porch and sat down on the steps with his doughnut boys, waiting for them to cool. And pretty soon who should come along but Tommy Briggs himself! He was barefooted, and his straw hat hadn't a sign of a brim. He looked over the back-yard fence, and

his sharp, black eyes spied the doughnut boys.

"Oh, gimme one!" cried he. But he didn't believe Ray would do it, all the same. He looked roguish, and ready to run away in a minute if Aunt 'Rusha should look out at the door.

As for Ray, he looked at the two puffy doughnut boys, and then he looked at the mischievous face, that was a little dirty, too, peering over the fence. Then he started and ran down to the gate.

"Yes, I'll give you one," said he, smiling pleasantly; and then he handed Tommy Briggs the largest one of the two doughnut boys. "They're real nice," said he.

You can't think how surprised Tommy Briggs looked. He was so surprised that he couldn't say a word—at any rate he didn't; not even "Thank you." But he took the doughnut boy Ray reached out to him, and scampered away, and Ray thought that was the last of it.

"Anyhow, though, I don't believe he'd snatch my apple again," said he to mamma, "by the way he looked."

"I don't think he will, myself," said mamma. And she thought to herself, though she wouldn't have said it to Ray for the world, that if he would he must be a very hard-hearted little boy, indeed.

But that wasn't the last of it. Nobody had even thought of strawberries being ripe, but the next morning when Uncle Jack opened the kitchen door he found a little box of them, red, ripe, and sweet, on the threshold. Around the box was pinned a bit of paper very much soiled, and on this was printed in uneven letters:

"These are for the little boy wot I took his apple. I'm sorry, an' I won't do it agen. From
"TOMMY BRIGGS."

"Now, what do you think?" asked Uncle Jack.

And Ray's blue eyes fairly danced as he ate his strawberries with sugar and cream.

"Now isn't that the best way to make folks good?" he asked. "Isn't it, mamma?"

"I think it is," said mamma, kissing both rosy cheeks again.

What do you think?—Young Folks' Friend.

A Stick of Candy.

There are some young people who do not care about Indians, or gypsies, or Robinson Crusoes, particularly girls. There are some who are not interested about horses, or pirates, or picnics, and who do not care about riddles. But is there one who is indifferent to confectionery? If there are any such, there are enough elders with a "sweet tooth" to make the count good. And yet it is safe to say that not one of all can tell who first made or ate confectionery, or when or where it was first made, or where the most is made now, or how it is made. In fact, the Frenchmen, Grinod de la Reyniere and Coste, told the truth in 1805, when they said, "The inventor of sugar-candy is not known."

Candy got its name from the Venetians. They learned how to refine the sugar by boiling and otherwise treating the molasses, and called the sugar they made candidus, because it was white.

And now let us see how candy is made. First, the confectioner buys hogsheads of refined sugar. When this is in his factory, he first dissolves the sugar in water. Then he boils the sugar-water to what is called the standard consistency—that is, the water is just so sweet, and the sugar has just so much water. This is cooled, and then it is boiled again, and cream of tartar is put in to prevent it from crystallizing.

Rock candy, the purest of all, is made directly from this, by pouring the melted mass into cans which have strings run through them. The sugar collects on the strings, and when the cans have been placed in a cool room, the crystals form in forty-eight hours, and the liquid is strained away. If cream candy is wanted, nothing is needed but to use sugar that has been slightly boiled, and add a little coloring and nut flavor.

The ordinary "stick" candy is produced by cooking to a crisp, and pouring the product upon a marble slab to cool. It is then warmed slightly and "pulled." Great establishments "pull" by machinery; but smaller ones take the candy in such amounts as one person can handle, and each puller throws the middle of what he holds over a big iron hook in the side of the room, and pulls the ends toward him.

There is a great knack in doing this. When it is well done the candy becomes soft and even in color. The essences or oils are poured in while it is being pulled, and the liquids or paste are added at the same time to flavor and color the candy; and when it has been well "worked," it is drawn out into "sticks," which are broken apart and laid in piles.—Anon.

Mrs. WENDELL PHILLIPS died recently.

THE PARAGRAPHERS.

THE boycott—the trundle-bed.
BORN to blush unseen—colored ladies.

SPECTACLES are pair o' sights on the nose.

MAIDENLY reserve—taking one seat for herself and the other for her pug.

WHEN a cyclone gets through with a Western village it is like the play of "Hamlet" with hamlet left out.

How do we know that Caesar had an Irish sweetheart? He went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget (bridge) it.

"HELLO, Judson, how are you?" "Pretty well, thank you." "How are you at home?" "Wife says I'm rather grumpy."

A DAKOTA lawyer-editor announces that he "cannot live on wind." Of course not. No manufacturer can use his finished product as raw material.

OVERSET from the German: Carl—"Mother, in the milk-bucket a dead mouse was." "Well, hast thou it there-out taken?" Carl—"No; I have the cat therein thrown."

In order to distinguish one from the other the dinner-plates must be made smaller or the fashionable button affected by the ladies must be slightly enlarged.

"MA, what is this coal pool I read about in the papers?" asked little Johnny. "I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, "unless it is where the miners go in swimming."

A St. Louis man rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of Wilhelm Felix Folmey Simpfenderfer, has petitioned the Circuit Court to change his name to Brown. In the name of the great Brown family we enter a vigorous and emphatic protest.—Maverick.

A GERMAN theorist has undertaken to make a microscope of sufficient power to make a bee's sting look like a telegraph pole. We have long wondered why something wasn't done to make that plaguey thing look somewhere near as large as it feels when it gets into a man's neck.

"HOW ARE you getting along with the work?" asked a friend of the President of a recently organized Dakota railroad company. "First-rate, everything is moving along very satisfactorily." "Glad to hear it. How many miles have you got graded?" "Graded? Oh, yes, I understand. Why, we haven't graded any yet, but we've sold all our bonds and have declared three assessments on the stockholders without any of 'em kicking."—Estelline Bell.

QUAKER Conservatism: Landlord (to old Philadelphian)—"I will make the rent for the coming year \$30 a month, Mr. Penn." Old Philadelphian—"But I have always paid you \$35." Landlord—"Yes, but I can afford to make a reduction of \$5 a month to so good a tenant." Old Philadelphian (shaking his head)—"I am sorry, sir, but in that case I shall have to move. I've always been accustomed to pay \$35, and I wouldn't like to make any change."

"Well, prisoner! How came you to appropriate this step ladder?" "Judge! I've been taught that I ought to avail myself of every means to get up in the world." "Indeed! And didn't you realize that this was taking a step too much?" "Not in view of the circumstances, judge. I'd just read a sign, 'take the elevator,' and this being the only elevator I could conveniently take, I lifted it." "So it seems; and since your ambition prompts to such an upward tendency, we'll humor the whim and send you up for ninety days."—Texas Siftings.

RODENTS.

A woman has a constant heart—
Complexions are not due to art—
The Christian does a Christian's part—
A husband's temper's never tart—
Rats!

The politician does no wrong—
The preacher cannot preach too long—
The showman hates to see a throng—
All singers sing "a charming song"—
Rats!

A broken heart will never sigh—
A spanked baby will not cry—
No plumbers charge a price too high—
No editor will ever lie—
Rats!

The rich man pays the poor man's rent—
The banker lends without per cent—
The boy at church is glad he went—
All men are with their lot content—
R-A-T-S!

—Merchant Traveler.

SURPRISED.

Bobby was awake when his mother returned home from the theater at midnight.

"Did you say your prayers to nurse, Bobby," she asked, "before you went to bed?"

"No," he said, sleepily. "I forgot it."

"Well, you had better come and say them to me now."

"What," said Bobby, in drowsy astonishment, "does God stay up all night?"—Life.

THE wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches, not for display, but for their own use.—Sidney Smith.

THE FASHIONS.

The Latest New York, London,
and Paris Styles in Wo-
men's Apparel.

MILITARY CLOAKS FOR TRAV- ELING.

Hats and Bonnets—Bodices and Skirts—
Dress Combinations—Laces for
Trimming, Etc., Etc.

Stylish military cloaks for traveling, says the New York Evening Post, are made of fine, dark-blue camel's-hair goods, the high standing collar, pockets, and cuffs trimmed with silver braidwork in Roman patterns. Down the entire front is set a row of large silver buttons in raised designs of old Roman medallions.

Some of the white etamine and canvas goods for summer are made up with a box-pleated blouse waist with full bishop sleeves gathered in at the wrists to deep cuffs. The pleats, wide marine collar, and cuffs are decorated with briar-stitching worked with blue, brown, or scarlet washing silk. The kilted skirts have extra deep hems turned up on the outside, these also trimmed with the briar-stitching, and the deep revers on the milkmaid tunic is similarly finished.

There is no doubt of the duration of the fashion of wearing bodices differing from the skirts at all times of day and for all classes of toilets. This commendable mode is still greatly favored, and velvets, fancy satin brocades, sateens, Pekins, silk and wool mixtures in stripes and checks, foulards, and many other materials are all used for the purpose, the blending of different fabrics even for full dress being one of the special features of fashion for the coming season. Besides the infinite variety afforded at little trouble, the fashion favors economy in the way that, with two or three handsome skirts (for instance, one of black satin, one of white lace, and one of black lace, with any number of bodices to go with each, "turn and turn about"), one can seemingly possess quite an extensive wardrobe with a small outlay. The stock of ribbons and laces must, however, not be circumscribed. Money here expended is to be commended as an excellent investment, sure to bring to the purchaser a satisfactory return at compound interest.

Some of the new pretty straw hats and bonnets have either the crown or brim veiled with tulle, plain or beaded. Others have the straw crowns dotted with tiny beads in clusters of three. Again, some of the large gypsy hats of featherweight lace braid, with conical crowns and medium wide brims, show the entire hat veiled with net or tulle and trimmed with very slender coronets of flowers and grasses. The latter hats are for cool, airy wear in the country.

Very delicate and becoming chemisettes to wear with handsome dinner and dancing dresses of India silk, foulard, Florentine veiling etamine, and other elegant materials, are made of crape or tulle laid in flat, soft folds in surplice fashion over the chest. Beyond these are revers of ruby, golden brown, dark blue, or other colored velvet, and about the round waist is laid velvet ribbon to match, with loops and long ends falling at the left side.

A new kind of gauze, shot with gold or silver threads, is frequently used as a lining for dresses of black or white lace, or as a princess slip for white and tinted crapes, tulle, or silk muslins. In the case of rich black lace, the petticoat would be of black satin surah covered with gold shot gauze, covered in turn with lace flounces looped with amber satin ribbons. White crape is gathered over a skirt of gold gauze mounted on white satin, the bodice shirred in the same manner, and confined at the waist with a girdle of gold galloon bordered on each side with pearls. Maize-colored crape over an underdress of white faille is another effective combination, amber ornaments and edgings being added.

White cotton embroidery in all-over designs is seen upon colored Scotch ginghams, and also brown, dark blue, and garnet leaves and flowers on pale cream grounds. American zephyrs and ginghams are much finer in texture and more handsomely colored than ever before, and are shown in stripes, Mikado designs and embroidered patterns in boxes. The gay tartan colors are also brought out for ladies' morning gowns and for children's dresses. On chambrays embroidery suggestive of

South Kensington is seen, and applique effects are also introduced.

In laces for trimming grenadines, etamines, silks, and canvas goods, preference is given to Spanish guipure, beautiful imitations of thread and duchesse patterns, and lastly to escurial laces, lighter in quality than those brought out last year. Black lace laid over white is a trimming much favored on elegant French toilets, the white lace of a very inexpensive sort, and used simply as a fine background to bring out the designs of the costly black lace above. On black and white summer silks this garniture is used with fine effect, the white frills beneath being much fuller than the black ones above, which are put on scantily as plaits, as full gathers mass the designs and render them undistinguishable.

For the cool days of summer short fancy wraps of colored velvet will be worn of golden brown, marine-blue, Russian-green, and black, the backs and fronts cut bias, thus doing away with darts, while still allowing the mantle to fit the form closely. Many of these are edged with beads matching the color of the wrap material. Some of the most expensive of these dressy garments have large dolman sleeves made of velvet striped etamine, broche, net, or figured grenadine, wrought with beads, and edged with lace also beaded.

Bows of ribbons are still favored as trimmings for airy evening gowns. They are made with short ends, very much fringed, and are arranged in rows running vertically or diagonally across the skirt, or set here and there like butterflies among the billows of tulle, lace, or crape. The best sort of ribbon for the purpose is the glace sassenet, with picot edge. It is as bright as satin, and can easily be fringed out, besides being firm enough to form graceful loops. Only the best quality should be chosen, and, though a simple trimming, it is durable enough to defy a dancing-room crush better than flowers, either real or artificial.

A modern fashion, as convenient as it is elegant, is that of so arranging the bodice that it is suitable for either day or evening wear. Almost all bodices are now made to open with a plastron attached to an underbodice of silk or thin material, to which long sleeves are also sewn. This is worn under the bodice, which is sleeveless. A shorter pair of sleeves on an open underbodice is worn when the guimpe is not required. These underbodices are very simple in make, being of fine material, and setting close to the figure, ending at the waist; a seam under each arm, down the center of the back, and a simple dart in front being found sufficient. A strong ribbon or narrow tape keeps the plastron in place at the belt. The fashion of wearing lace, bead or floral epaulets or some species of trimming at the top of the arm adapts itself excellently to this arrangement, as it quite conceals the line, which would otherwise show that the sleeves and bodice are separate. Possessors of lace dresses have also found that a pair of extra silk sleeves are very convenient to wear beneath the unlined lace ones, upon occasions when the transparent sleeves alone would be inappropriate or uncomfortably cool.

In new cotton toilets, combinations of two fabrics are very prettily arranged, and the fashion affords many ways for remodeling a last summer's dress, or of making use of new materials whose patterns separately are "short length." For instance, the plaited skirt of pink sateen or chambray may be finished at the foot with a broad facing of pink and white gingham, with waist and sleeve trimmings to match; or a pale blue organdie may have an underskirt of blue and pink or blue and cream striped French lawn. Dainty imported dresses for summer wear at the seaside show pretty tinted chambrays, organdies, and other fancy goods, with skirts of striped materials, which are laid in broad plaits, the stripes formed of the two fabrics, torn in strips and run together. The jacket and full skirt in the back are made of the plain goods, with Figaro vest collar and sash drapery of the stripe. Stripes for more expensive evening toilets are made of wide lace insertion and bands of grenadine, silk canvas, or etamine sewed together.

Fashion Notes.

SATEEN, alpaca, and silk are used for foundation skirts.

VERY deep yokes are a feature of girls' summer dresses.

LAVENDER and white are worn for deep mourning for house dresses.

FINE white mull dresses have alternate flounces of lace and embroidery.

WINDMILL bows are worn with dressy costumes fastened one side of the high collar.

SKY-BLUE is never out of fashion. The new blues have a grayish tint, although the latest variation of this color is as dark as sapphire.

THE TENDER SEX.

A Medley of Entertaining Gos-
sip About Matrons
and Maids.

THE WIDOWS OF EAST INDIA.

Do Women Walk With Their Mouths Open?
—A Plea for the Much Misunder-
stood Step-Mother.

An Outside View of It.

A cozy room,
A faint perfume
The warm air filling.
A lover bold,
Whose arms unfold
A maiden willing.

An easy chair
The loving pair
Bears without murmur;
As swiftly by
The moments fly
He clasps her firmer.

She clings to him,
The light is dim,
(The gas just glimmers),
An opal ring
Upon her finger
Er shines and glimmers.

With whispers soft
And silence oft
The hours go flying;
She doesn't know
Her brother Joe
Is manfully spying.

Out in the rain,
Through the wet pane,
He eyes his sister;
And ere long he
Exclaims in gloe,
"By Jove, he's kissed her!"

Thus while in bliss
They sit and kiss,
These lovers loony,
This trip of sin
Grunts with a grin:
"Lord! ain't they spoony!"

Why She Didn't Call.

Mrs. Popular (to Mrs. Jeunesse)—
"And how is Mrs. Smith, that lives near
you? Of course you know she has a
child very ill with scarlet fever."

Mrs. Jeunesse (animatedly)—"Oh,
yes, indeed, I know it, but I don't dare
to go and see her."

Mrs. Popular—"Why not? There is
said to be no danger of taking the fever,
you know, after one is sixteen."

Mrs. Jeunesse—"Oh, but then, you
know, I'm so young in my feelings!"—
Harper's Bazar.

Gymnastic Exercises of Dutch Girls.

A Boston newspaper man wandering
about Amsterdam found a pleasure
garden where the chief feature of
amusement was gymnastic exercises by
dozens of young women who were out
for a frolic. The visitor found that it
was a common thing for the Dutch girls
to make champion leaps from a spring
board, go hand-over-hand up ropes and
ladders, and execute other feats usually
deemed the special accomplishment of
robust youth of the other sex.—Chicago
Herald.

The Widows of India.

Lady Dufferin's great plan for the
improvement of the condition of women
in India has met with the encourage-
ment it well deserves; but we are sadly
ignorant of the real position of a Hindoo
woman. In India the Education Com-
mittee state that there are 21,000,000
widows, and a large proportion of these
are children between 5 and 15! A
Hindoo lady, herself emancipated from
the bondage of her caste, has written to
the Times of India in very forcible
language on the subject of enforced
widowhood, and painting in sadly true
colors the terrible position which a
widow holds in India—it is a positive
stigma. The sight of one draws forth
a curse from the orthodox Hindoo, and
she is degraded to coarse food and
menial work in the household. A man
may marry many wives, and probably
does; but a woman, once a widow, must
remain so all her life, be she a child of
tender years or a woman of 60.

Open-Mouthed Women.

A man-about-town, whose principal
business is to put in as much time as
possible doing nothing, stood on the
corner of a street apparently intent
upon scanning the facial expression of
every woman who entered or came out
of a large dry goods establishment. He
was too much of a gentleman to stare at
women from vulgar curiosity, and his
occupation excited the curiosity of a re-
porter.

"What are you trying to make there?"
asked the peripatetic pencil-pusher.

"Nothing in particular."

"But you glare at every woman who
goes in or out of this store as though
you were a detective looking out for
shop-lifting kleptomaniacs. Now I
want to know what you are looking at?"

"Well, if you must know, I am watch-
ing the women's mouths."

"Can't you see women's mouths
enough on the street without standing
there glaring like a stone statue?"

"Yes, but I've just made a discovery."
"Elucidate."

"Stand here a few minutes. I'll bet
you the cigars nine women out of the
first ten who enter or come out of the
store here will have their mouths open
so wide that their tongues can be seen."

The wager was accepted and the re-
porter took a position of watchfulness
by the side of the man-about-town.

The first woman to enter the store
was one of fashionable attire, who
tripped lightly from a carriage at the
curb to the door. She stopped a sec-
ond to gaze in the window, dropped her
lower jaw half an inch and displayed a
set of false teeth that might have cost
\$40.

"Ha," said the man-about-town, "what
did I tell you?"

"Mere accident," said the reporter.

Just then two 16-year old beauties,
giggling all over with girlishness,
tripped around the corner and into the
store. One was chewing gum and the
other was talking faster than the best
time Maud S. ever made. The tongues
of both were visible.

"Ah, there; two there!" said the man-
about-town. The reporter said noth-
ing.

Presently an old woman, supported
by a pretty creature, probably her
granddaughter, entered the store; then
three women came out together. Old
woman and all had their mouths ajar
from one to three inches each. The
list was now swelled to eight, with only
two to go on for the reporter. He was
hanging on the thread of hope that
these two might save him, when a pair
of matronly dames of more than certain
age dismounted from a Sixteenth street
car, stepped leisurely up to the show
windows, peered in at least thirty sec-
onds with their lips hermetically sealed,
and then each gave an imitation of a
fly-trap with her mouth and they dis-
appeared inside.

"Great discovery," said the man-
about-town.

Silent reporter. Cigars, 25 cents.—
Omaha Herald.

A Plea for the Much Misunderstood Step- Mother.

To the imagination the step-mother
stands out as someone coming between
father and children, clouding the joys
of home, introducing strictness and
sternness where freedom reigned be-
fore. There is no necessity of this
picture, yet we all see instances that
justify it. Sometimes in a family all
ardor and impulse, the step-mother
comes as a stoic or a religious rigorist,
freezing all the innocent life around
her, conscientiously attempting high
ends by injudicious means, and unable
to see why she fails in her effort. Some-
times, on the other hand, she comes to
relax and demoralize with merely self-
ish and worldly thoughts a young
household brought up to a high sense
of nobleness and unworldly aims. In
any such case the father finds himself
almost helpless; either he is under a
glamour of admiration and sees nothing
wrong; or, if he finds out his mistake,
he is probably paralyzed by preoccupation,
which takes him away from his
home, and keeps him toiling for the
bread of the family. After all, it is
the mother, even if that relation be a
substituted one, who is close to the chil-
dren; she has hours with them while the
father has minutes; and after he has
once made his choice, change is impos-
sible, even though the children suffer.

But are not those cases, after all, the
exceptions? Looking at it merely
from the children's side, it seems to me
that in most cases this much-abused
step-mother comes as a help and a
gain. It is easy to see her errors and
faults. The respectable gossips of the
neighborhood may be safely relied upon
for that service. But who can estimate
the perils from which even she may
have saved those children? Somebody,
some woman, must care for them. It
is often this alone that drives the
despairing father into a second marriage
to escape the irregular household and
the alternate flatteries and cruelties of
hired attendance. We see the mistakes
of the step-mother; we do not see the
worse contingencies from which she has
saved those children. Many are the
instances of happy boys who perhaps
learned for the first time what a home
and a fireside meant, upon the arrival
of the new mistress of the mansion; of
fortunate little girls who found all their
dawning womanhood fostered and pro-
tected by the gracious kindness of one
who was to them a mother in all but
blood. I talked yesterday with an
aged lady who can never keep down
her tears at the mention of that angel
of her youth, of whom she will never
speak but by the name of mother. I
have heard of two grown daughters who
on going to dwell with a step-mother
carried with them their mother's
picture, and hung it up to the
wall in their chamber, that the intruder
might never see it; then within a few
weeks they led her into the room and
turned it round, that she might look at
it with them, telling her that her sweet-
ness had conquered.—Harper's Bazar.

FISHING FOR SHRIMPS.

Work of the Chinese Fishermen Along the
Pacific Coast.

The sight of the awkward Chinese
junk has become so common in the bay
as to hardly attract the attention of
those who are in the habit of using the
ferryboats constantly, says the San
Francisco Post. Occasionally some
jocular, contemptuous remark is made
on the build or rig of one of the crafts,
coupled with a pitying allusion to the
poverty-stricken looking crew. The
owners of the crafts can afford to let
the laugh go round, and none of them
is at all desirous of correcting the mis-
taken impression as to their poverty
and the small amount realized by their
trade. It will astonish many of those
who have ridiculed the clumsy, high-
sterned boxes, with their slatted square-
sails, to learn that the freight carried
by these boats amounts in value to
about \$3,000,000 a year. All of them
are engaged in the fishing trade on the
bay and the lagoons or tidal creeks
which run up into the low marshy
lands lying along the shores. They are
here to make as much money in as
short a time as possible, and then go
back to China. From Vallejo to the
extreme southern end of the bay they
are busy all the year round, dragging
the waters of the bay with nets
having meshes so small that nothing
that swims can escape them; sal-
mon fry, minnows, young herring,
shrimps, and large fish are all scooped
in. The larger fish are sold at 10 to 15
cents per pound in Chinatown, while
the smaller ones, together with the
shrimps, are sent abroad. When a
haul is made the wriggling mass is
sorted out on the beach, the large fish
being at once sent to market. The small
fish are again sorted, the larger ones
being dried and packed separately.

The shrimps, after being dried, are
shaken up in sieves or riddles. The
shells and small portions of the shrimps
fall through the sieves and are care-
fully gathered up in sacks. The meaty
parts are carefully packed and also sent
abroad as a table delicacy; the shells
and refuse, together with the refuse fish,
are all packed together and sent away
to be used as food for fowls or for
manure. Every steamer leaving this
port takes away in the neighborhood of
400 tons of dried shrimps and fish in
the proportion of 150 tons of shrimps,
200 tons of sardines, salmon, etc., and
fifty tons of shrimp shells and fish
manure. The shrimps are the most
valuable, bringing in China an average
of \$300 per ton. The sardines and
salmon are worth \$200 per ton and
the refuse \$40 per ton, or a total of
\$87,000 for the 400 tons of product.
For years the shipments averaged three
a month, or thirty-six shipments a year,
being an export of \$3,132,000 worth of
stuffs gathered in by the Chinese junks
and their lazy, shiftless-looking crews.
Beyond the slight amount necessary to
buy the lumber for their boats and a
little cordage and cloth for sails and
rigging, hardly a dollar of this large
sum is spent in this country. Even the
nets and the twine of which they are
made are brought from abroad. A
gentleman who was engaged for years
in searching Chinese steamers states
that he has often seen Chinamen land
at the mail dock with nothing in the
shape of capital except one of these
nets. In about a month the same
Chinaman would appear as a shipper of
from three to ten tons of fish. He had
in the meantime associated himself with
four or five others; they had secured a
second-hand boat and gone to work
dragging the bay. In a few months he
was not only a shipper but an importer,
receiving large lots of rice, sugar, dried
fowls, and other articles of Chinese
food, as well as clothing.

RELIEF IN DEATH.

A well-dressed and distinguished
looking gentleman rapidly approached
a pier at Chicago, looked around wildly
and plunged head-first into the water
and disappeared from view.

"For Heaven's sake!" cried a man
who had witnessed it, rushing up to a
policeman, "didn't you see him?"

"Yes, sor."

"Aren't you going to try to save
him?"

"It's no use, sor, they go this way
ivery mornin'. They can't help it."

"Can't help it? What do you mean,
what have they been doing?"

"Oh, they haven't been doin' nothin',
sor, but ivery day 'bout so many jump
in. They're the wuns as their pictures
come out in the Chicago papers each
mornin', ye see, sor. There comes
another wun now,—see, the big devil on
the run wid no hat or coat an' swingin'
uv the newspaper, sor."—Estelline
Bell.

It is not much thought of, but it is
certainly a very important lesson, to
learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and be
able to relish your being, without the
transport of some passion or the grati-
fication of some appetite.

PARNELL ON CARNARVON.

THE IRISH LEADER SAYS HIS LORDSHIP HAS PREVARICATED,

And Tells What Was Said at a Certain Interview - Chamberlain's Sweeping Scheme for Home Rule - Gladstone Will Fight to the Bitter End - French Blue Blood Unpopular.

LONDON, June 12.—Lord Carnarvon, having in the house of lords stated that an interview had been sought with him by Parnell while Carnarvon was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and that he granted the interview upon certain conditions, which he named, Parnell has requested the cable news to publish the following statement: "I positively deny that I sought an interview with Earl Carnarvon, and also differ with him in regard to two of the conditions upon which Lord Carnarvon alleges he based an interview, viz: That he was acting upon his own hook entirely, and that he declined to hear or say one word which might be construed as detrimental to the union. Lord Carnarvon did not lay any condition whatever previous to his conference with me. I admit that there is some foundation for the third condition he has mentioned, namely, that he hoped it would be understood that he was not engaged in making any treaty or bargain. Lord Carnarvon said he had sought an interview with me in order to ask my views upon the question of a constitution for Ireland, but it soon became obvious that he wished to give his own. Replying to his inquiry respecting a proposal to establish a central legislature in Ireland founded upon the county board, I said I did not think the Irish people would accept that as a final settlement; the central body ought to be a parliament in name, and, in fact, having power to deal with the local government of the country. "Lord Carnarvon stated that this was his own view, which statement impressed me as being an important concession to the weight of Irish opinion. He also suggested the idea of basing an Irish parliament in Dublin upon the model of the colonial parliamentary bodies. His opinions upon this subject struck me as the result of much thought and study. I remarked that the protection of certain Irish industries against English and foreign competition was absolutely necessary. "Lord Carnarvon replied: 'Entirely agree with you, but what a row there'll be in England.' I left Lord Carnarvon believing that we were in complete accord upon the main outlines of a settlement of the question of governing Ireland, and have reason to believe that he expressed his views upon the cabinet. I also believe that Lord Carnarvon resigned office because we did not give the Conservatives a majority at the polls. I spoke at Wicklow and acted during the elections under the impression which I gained at this interview."

CHAMBERLAIN STATES HIS POSITION.

A Scheme Which Includes the Whole Kingdom—Dilke's Views—Gladstone's Determination.

LONDON, June 12.—Chamberlain's election manifesto was issued Friday evening. It says the government's Irish proposals had been condemned in advance by every Liberal statesman of the century. "What the Liberal leaders in November solemnly and seriously declared to be unwise and unsafe, the premier has now undertaken. The Irish landlords, of all the classes affected, are alone subjected to exceptional consideration by the terms of government scheme. Englishmen are told that the act of union was procured by corruption. It is to be hoped that the act of separation is not to be purchased by the most gigantic bribe ever offered to the opponents of any legislation. The alternative proposals increase the number of occupying owners of land, establish a complete system of popular local government alike in its main features for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, enabling each to exercise a greater influence in its local administration, and in legislation for the whole. This will satisfy the national aspirations of England and Scotland. The national aspirations of Ireland are not stronger than these, nor are they more entitled to sympathy."

Sir Charles Dilke has issued a manifesto to his constituents. Referring to the Irish question he says he believes the choice lies between coercion and a large measure of autonomy for Ireland, and that he prefers the latter policy "although" he says, "I supported the second reading of the home rule bill, I do not agree with all the details of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. Still, I believe that the Irish are entitled to elective control of Irish affairs."

Gladstone makes a statement which clearly indicates that he will not allow the home rule question to drop even if he should be defeated at the general elections, and will force the new government to deal with the matter in some way. That the premier will compel any government which may succeed him to consider a scheme for the better government of Ireland is generally believed even should he go to the extreme of encouraging and assisting the Parnellites to obstruct all other business to accomplish that purpose.

Generous of Hartington.

LONDON, June 12.—The Liberal Unionists of Midlothian sent a deputation which called upon the marquis of Hartington Friday, to ask him to assist in putting forward a Unionist candidate to oppose Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian. Lord Hartington replied that he would rather see the Liberal party irreparably split than to take part in any movement to harass the premier.

FRANCE'S ROYAL FAMILY.

Its Head Will Move Around and Watch Events—Action by the Deputies.

PARIS, June 12.—The Comte de Paris, in an interview Friday, said he had not yet decided where to go if expelled from France, as he expected to be. His leaning was toward England, and he had received so many expressions of sympathy from that country that it would be difficult for him at present to choose any other place of refuge. He could not go to Germany. Austria was too far removed from beloved France. He might ultimately go to

Switzerland, but for the present he would not settle permanently at any place. In his previous exile he felt at liberty to select a fixed residence. Then he was not the unquestioned head of the royal family of France and could await the course of events without any neglect of duty. The state of affairs now differed. He did not entirely renounce the hope of returning to his country, for he did not believe the persecution would last forever, or that France would not open her doors to all her children. For this reason he would not settle anywhere permanently, but would move about and fancy that he was traveling; and he would have change of scene, without change of hope."

The chambers of deputies Friday resolved by a vote of 310 to 233 to consider the committee clause enacting the immediate expulsion of all the princes. Fifty members of the Left voted with the minority.

The chambers subsequently rejected the first clause enacting wholesale expulsion by a vote of 314 to 230.

An amendment was adopted by a vote of 315 to 233 making it compulsory upon the government to repeal by decree the princes not affected by the first clause of the act, providing penalties of from two to five years imprisonment if the expelled princes return to France and disfranchising the princes remaining. Finally the whole bill was passed without division.

Base Ball in a Good Cause.

PHILADELPHIA, June 12.—A number of actors who have essayed with more or less success the difficult roles in "My Partner" and "The Galley Slave" forsook the footlights for the base ball field Friday afternoon. The nines were styled "My Partner," and "The Galley Slave."

The players were attired in the costumes of the characters in those plays. An admission fee of 25 cents was charged and the proceeds, \$500, will be presented to Mrs. Bartley Campbell, the wife of the unfortunate playwright. The score was, "My Partners" 26, "Galley Slaves" 18—seven innings.

Nothing in the Minutes About It.

CHICAGO, June 12.—In the superior court in this city Friday, in the attempt to secure the dissolution of an injunction, the John B. Jeffrey Printing company put in evidence a copy of a resolution said to have been adopted in 1894 authorizing the borrowing of \$50,000 on its judgment notes. Unfortunately the minutes of the meeting in the company's books fail to contain any reference to this important matter, upon which the case strongly rests.

Ball Playing Record.

The National league games Friday resulted: At Philadelphia—Washington 3, Philadelphia 4—ten innings; at Boston—New York 1, Boston 10; at Detroit—St. Louis 5, Detroit 9; at Chicago—Kansas City 8, Chicago 7—ten innings. American Association: At Baltimore—Brooklyn 11, Baltimore 7; at New York—Athletic 9, Metropolitan 5; at Cincinnati—Pittsburg 3, Cincinnati 5.

"Fired" for Offensive Partisanship.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 12.—J. B. Hayes, a customs inspector at New York has been dismissed for offensive partisanship, and is in Washington endeavoring to get restored. Hayes, it appears, and the officer, who accompanied Col. Lamont down the bay on the revenue cutter, and passed Miss Folsom's baggage without inspection, thinking that the colonel had an order to that effect. Mr. Hayes claims that his "offensive partisanship" is based upon his political affiliations several years ago.

Yerkes Emphatically Denies.

PHILADELPHIA, June 12.—Charles T. K. Yerkes, the head of a syndicate that purchased the North Side Passenger railway, of Chicago, was in this city Friday. He denied that he had paid the board of aldermen of Chicago \$127,000 for certain franchises, as charged by the Chicago papers. In the most emphatic manner Mr. Yerkes denied paying anybody any money to procure the passage of the bill granting valuable franchises to the railroad company.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 11.

On the board of trade to-day the quotations in grain and provisions were as follows: Wheat—No. 2, June, opened 76c, closed 75 3/4c nominal; July, opened 76c, closed 75 3/4c asked; August, opened 75 3/4c, closed 75 1/2c. Corn—No. 2, June, opened 34 1/2c, closed 34 1/2c; July, opened 35 1/2c, closed 35 1/2c; August, opened 35 1/2c, closed 35 1/2c. Oats—No. 2, June, opened 27 1/2c, closed 27 1/2c; July, opened 27 1/2c, closed 27 1/2c; August, opened 27 1/2c, closed 27 1/2c. Pork—June, opened and closed 18 1/2c nominal; July, opened and closed 18 1/2c; August, opened 18 1/2c, closed 18 1/2c. Lard—June, opened 10 1/2c, closed 10 1/2c; July, opened 10 1/2c, closed 10 1/2c; August, opened 10 1/2c, closed 10 1/2c. Live stock—The following quotations were received from the Union stock yards to-day: Hogs—Market opened stronger at 56 1/2c advance; later prices were slightly easier, but all parties were buying. Light grades, \$3.00@4.25; rough packing, \$2.00@4.15; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$3.00@4.50; Cattle—Stronger; fat cattle, poor to heavy, \$4.00@5.00; butchers' stock, slow, \$2.00@3.00; heavy stock, steady, \$3.00@4.75. Sheep—Heavy, poor to medium, \$2.25@3.50; good to prime, \$3.00@4.50.

Market Butter—Extra Elgin creamery, 15 1/2c@16c per 100 lb; good to choice creamery, 15 1/2c@15c; dairy, 12 1/2c@13c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12c per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 7c per lb; turkeys, 10c per lb; ducks, 8c@8 1/2c; spring chickens, 1 1/2c@4.00 per doz. According to the prices—Choice to fancy, \$4.00@6.00 per doz. Strawberries—Ohio, \$3.00@3.50 per 32 qt case. Michigan, 25c@2.25 per 16-c case.

New York.

NEW YORK, June 11. Wheat—No. 1 white state, spot, 83c; No. 1 do 81 1/2c; No. 2 white state, 80c; No. 2 red winter, July, 80c; August, 80 1/2c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, cash, 33 1/2c; July, 34c; No. 1 white state, cash, 33 1/2c; No. 2 do, 33 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, July, 33 1/2c. Rye—Dutch, 40c; Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, 11 1/2c@12 1/2c. Lard—\$6.42 August; \$6.43 September.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, June 11. Wheat—Active and lower; cash, 77 1/2c@80c; June and July, 77 1/2c; August, 78c; September, 79c. Corn—Easier; cash and June, 30 1/2c; July, 30 1/2c; August, 31 1/2c. Oats—Quiet; cash, 26c; August, 27c.

Detroit.

DETROIT, June 11. Wheat—No. 1 white, 80c asked cash; Michigan red, 8 1/2c bid; No. 2 red, 79c bid; cash, 78c; bid July, 79 1/2c; August, 79 1/2c; bid September, 80c. Corn—35c; nominal. Oats—No. 2, 30c asked; No. 2 white, 31 1/2c.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 11. Wheat—Easy and 1/4c lower; No. 2 red cash, 75c; July, 75c; August, 75c. Corn—Easy; No. 2 mixed cash, 31 1/2c; July, 32c; August, 32c. Oats—Weak; No. 2 mixed cash, 26c; July, 26 1/2c. Rye—Weak; 32 1/2c. Whiskey—Firm; \$1.10. Pork—Steady; cash, 11 1/2c; nominal; 12 1/2c.

MORMONIZING THE SWISS.

SAINTLY DEPRAVITY DEFILING THE HOME OF THE ALPS.

The Utah Propaganda's Successful Operations—A Vice Consul's Fatal Pistol Practice—"Scared" Beckvolt to Death—Another Scoundrel Breaks a Bank—Effective Riot Tactics.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 11.—Secretary of State Bayard has received information of unusual activity among Mormon missionaries throughout all Switzerland. That their preaching has not been wanting in fruits is shown by the fact that in 1885 there were in Switzerland 28 elders, 16 priests, 34 teachers, 11 servants and 531 members; 95 baptisms and 53 emigrants to Utah.

Mormonism, it will thus be seen, has taken deep root among the Swiss people. Scarcely any Roman Catholics are numbered among the converts, nearly all of whom are of the Protestant classes. The headquarters of Swiss Mormonism is to be found at Berne, from which point the enrollment of the saints is carried on throughout the land. Even children of tender years are enrolled.

Woman's aid associations have been organized as adjuncts to Swiss Mormonism. All possible means are taken to conceal the departure of newly converted saints for Utah so as to avoid detention by the local authorities.

ONLY WANTED TO SCARE HIM.

A Fatality Results from Mob Law and Too Much Whisky.

GRAND FORKS, D. T., June 12.—A report reaches here that a man named Ole Beckvolt was lynched a few days ago in Minnesota, about fifty miles north of here, on Red river. Beckvolt was working for a farmer, and had become too fond of the farmer's wife. His affection was reciprocated, and the wife refused to allow Beckvolt to go away. The farmer gathered a number of neighbors, filled them up with alcohol, and the lynching was the result. It is claimed that the intention was only to scare Beckvolt, but they kept him suspended too long.

A VICE CONSULAR TRAGEDY.

Our Dublin Representative Shoots Himself and His Wife.

DUBLIN, June 12.—Mr. A. MacKenzie, United States vice consul at Dublin, shot his wife with a revolver Friday evening, lodging a bullet in her temple. He then placed the pistol to his own head and fired a bullet into his brain. Both were taken to the hospital, but Mr. MacKenzie died on the way. Mrs. MacKenzie will probably not recover. The couple had frequent quarrels, and it was during one of their periodical disputes that the tragedy occurred. The shooting occurred in the presence of their three little children.

The Liquor Campaign in Ontario.

LONDON, Ont., June 12.—An attempt was made at Sarnia to blow up with dynamite the residence of J. M. McCrea, a supporter of the Scott temperance act. The front portion of the house was slightly damaged, but no one was injured. An attempt was also made to burn the residence of Magistrate Houserton, who is a strong temperance advocate, but the fire was discovered in time to prevent serious damage. The county council had passed resolutions urging the enforcement of the Scott act, and the outrages were committed a few hours later.

Score Another for the Sheriff.

NEW ORLEANS, June 12.—Denis Boyd, colored, was hanged at Bellevue, Bossier parish, Friday. Boyd murdered David Haas, white, on Christmas day, 1884. They had a quarrel and fought in Haas' store, and Boyd left, and, arming himself with a shot-gun, waylaid and killed Haas as he was going from his store to dinner. After the killing Boyd escaped, but was captured.

The Belfast Riots.

BELFAST, June 12.—The reputable Catholics and Orangemen of Belfast have offered to assist the police in repressing the mob and restoring order, but the offer has been declined on the ground that their assistance would increase the jealousies of the rival parties. The government has issued a proclamation commanding the rioters in certain districts of Ulster to refrain from further violence and observe order.

A Lesson in Handling Mobs.

PESTH, June 11.—Crowds reassembled in the streets Friday night and when the police commanded them to disperse they were greeted with howls of derision. At a given signal troops advanced from the side streets, surrounded the rioters and arrested 700 of them. Many have since been released, but the ring-leaders are held in prison.

Another Scoundrel Gets Away.

FRANKFORT, June 12.—The banking house of Jacob Rauscher has gone into bankruptcy and its manager and principal owner, Edward W. Rauscher, charged with fraudulent bankruptcy and embezzlement of \$30,000 has absconded.

Disagreement Over the Amalgamated Scale.

PITTSBURG, June 12.—The Amalgamated association conference committee met with the representatives of the manufacturers promptly at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. They remained closeted in earnest discussion of the scale until a late hour at night when an adjournment was taken to Monday. The Amalgamated committee will report progress to the convention and ask for further instruction. The manufacturer object to any material advance in prices and on Monday will present a counter proposition, which will adhere closely to present prices.

Competition Heating the Eight-Hour Movement.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The general industrial situation has improved, though there are still considerable number of unemployed on strike at various manufacturing centers. Of the 200,000 who received concessions as to shorter hours with full pay, one month ago, Bradstreet's reports show that less than 140,000 retain these advantages, one half of whom are at Chicago, and one sixth each at Cincinnati and New York. The pressure of competition from

what is left of the movement.

Alabama Democracy.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., June 12.—Thomas Teay, president of the senate, was nominated for governor at the Democratic State convention Friday. The nomination is equivalent to an election. The platform rejoices in the change in the national government, and says to President Cleveland that the Democratic party of Alabama would extend an expression of the strong confidence they feel in his unsectional patriotism, high integrity, unshaken firmness, ability and good judgment. It alludes to better feeling between the races from a better understanding of their relations.

A Postal Thief Nabbed.

NEW YORK, June 12.—For some time past complaints have been made at the Brooklyn postoffice by merchants and others that sums of money sent them by mail had not been received. Detectives have been working on the case for several weeks, and Thursday night found the culprit in the person of Frederick B. Harris, chief clerk of the third detail in the money-order department. He was caught with marked letters in his possession.

A Little Fee for Conkling.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Roscoe Conkling's bill for \$20,000 for services as counsel for the state before the railroad committee of the state senate in the investigation of the Broadway surface matter has been audited and was paid Thursday. His colleague, Clarence A. Seward, has an unpaid bill for similar services amounting to \$21,000. Mr. Conkling declares that during the progress of the investigation he refused retainers for more than this amount.

Sunday Law in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, June 12.—The state senate Friday passed the house bill, with important amendments, prohibiting the opening of stores, saloons, etc., on Sunday. The amendments will probably be adopted by the house in a few days. The bill exempts newspapers, drug stores, common carriers, places of amusement, dairies and ice-houses, but absolutely prohibits carrying on other business.

Also Will Make the Nose Red.

"There's one gentleman who comes in here regularly for his meals," said the barkeeper. "His nose is as big as the plug in a bung-hole, and it is redder than cochineal. And yet he never drank a drop in his life! The nose is no certain indication of sobriety and temperate living. Plum pudding and canvas-back duck will make the nose red just as well as Burgundy and old rye. Why, bless your soul, a man can get the gout in his nose. Yes, sir, the gout in his nose."—Baltimore American.

Lessons in cookery are being given to the girls in some of the national schools around Dublin.

JOHN HESS

Real Estate; Insurance

--AND--

LOAN BROKER,

Office over B.B. Higns' Drug Store,

DIXON, ILL.

I have a fine list of valuable

FARMS FOR SALE

ON GOOD TERMS,

And near to town, ranging in price from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per acre; have an Iowa farm to trade for Dixon City Property; have land in Ogle County, Ill., to trade for Dixon property; have Dixon property to exchange for Western Land; have a Dakota farm to exchange for Dixon City Property; have land for sale in Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi; have a fine lot of

HOUSES AND LOTS

For Sale in Dixon

Can Furnish, on Thirty days Notice FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, on first-class farm property, at low rate of interest, on three and five year time

Thanking the public for past liberal patronage and hoping, by good desertment, I may receive a liberal share in the future, I am Yours Truly

John Hess.

JOHN GUTHRIE,

Architect and Builder.

Plans and specifications for all kinds of building furnished on short notice. Terms Reasonable. Address, Dixon, Ill. Residence in north Dixon, near residence of E. C. Sickels.

John Guthrie.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The general industrial situation has improved, though there are still considerable number of unemployed on strike at various manufacturing centers.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC RULES. Governing all Athletic Sports, together with the largest Illustrated Catalogue of Sporting Goods ever offered, mailed for 25c, which is allowed to the purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 and upward. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Chicago, or 241 Broadway, N. Y.

PARIS STEAM LAUNDRY!

226 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Benjamin Brothers, Proprietors.

Orders left at Todd's Store, Dixon, will receive prompt attention, at home prices, express free.

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LEADING COMPANIES.

Fire and Accident

J.V. THOMAS

Opera Block, Dixon.

Hack Line

ANY PART OF THE CITY

Alonzo Gage

Desires to inform his friends that orders for hacks to any part of the city; for parties and funerals will receive prompt attention. Hacks make

Regular Trips to All Trains.

Charles Cupp is now driving for another firm, and therefore orders given him do not reach me.

Flour & Feed Store

Having purchased from John E. Moyer his stock of Flour and Feed, I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of

FLOUR AND FEED

ALSO LIME, BAILED HAY AND OIL MEAL

Prices Reasonable.

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

JOHN A. DEETER.

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"PEARL TOP" LAMP CHIMNEY

Pat. Oct. 30th, 1883.

Made only of the finest and best quality of glass for withstanding heat.

Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright glass.

Manufactured ONLY by

REC. A. MACBETH & CO.

Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.

107 S. 37 CHALERS

BABY CARRIAGES

SENT C. O. D.

ONE OR MORE AT WHOLESALE PRICE. I PAY all express charges to all points within 300 miles. 1,000 carriages to select from. Send two cent stamp for illustrated catalogue. Mention this paper.

L. G. SPENCER'S TOY FACTORY,

221 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Robins call robins in tops of trees,
Doves follow doves, with scarlet feet;
Freckling babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd green corners where highways meet.

Violets stir and arbutus makes
Claytonia's rosy bells unfold;
Dandelion through the meadow makes
A royal road with scales of gold.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden, snowy and red in vain.
Robins call robins through the sad showers;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

For April sobs while these are so glad,
April weeps while these are so gay;
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

PRIMROSE PETE;

OR,

Myrtle, the Mad Maid of the Mines.

By LIEUT. VICTOR O. ENDAL.

The black eyes of Revolver Guy flashed with rage now. The cowboy sport was most insolent. His words struck home, too, since they were true; but the gambler dared not resist the blonde sport's insults while he covered him with a deadly six-shooter.

"Let me pass," cried Revolver Guy suddenly. "I will meet you some day on equal terms, then I'll cut your comb."

"Back!" as the mountain gambler moved forward. "You can't pass until you tell me what you have done with the Harver women."

"Didn't I tell you I know nothing of them?" snarled Revolver Guy in an angry voice.

"Yes; but I know you lied."

"Sacred!"

"It won't do any good to swear, Revolver Guy; you cannot frighten me. I know that the women left home but a short time since, and in a wagon. I followed the track to this spot, so you may as well confess the whole thing."

"Not to you," growled the mad gambler hoarsely.

"You must, or take the consequences."

The blonde sport's finger slipped inside his revolver guard, and his keen blue eye glanced along the glittering barrel in a way that startled Revolver Guy, and made his blood run cold.

"Don't shoot, Pete," cried the gambler, in a cringing tone that brought a sneer to the lips of his enemy.

"Then tell me what you have done with Mrs. Harver and Nettie. No prevarication now, or by the heavens above I will send a leaden nugget crashing through your heart! You understand? The cowboy king never utters a vain threat."

There was no mistaking the earnestness of the dandy sport. He meant business, and Revolver Guy realized it. It was the truth or death.

"I don't suppose it makes any difference to you, Primrose, anyhow. The women did leave in a cart, bound for the railroad. You see, it wasn't safe for them in Rocket Bar any longer."

"Why wasn't it safe?" sternly demanded the cowboy sport.

"Too many bad men about—desperadoes who would not hesitate to make victims of helpless females."

"Exactly, and you are at the head of an organized gang of such villains, Revolver Guy. Frisco Matt and his pals are pards of yours. I know whereof I speak; so if you have sent the widow and Nettie away it was for an evil purpose. Revolver Guy, what is that purpose?"

"My motive was the best. I—"

"Don't repeat any more lies, they are stale," interrupted Primrose Pete, sternly. "I will have the truth or nothing."

Before the mountain gambler could reply the whip-like crack of a rifle echoed through the hills, and a bullet grazed the cheek of Primrose Pete.

This was a warning that the blonde sport could not ignore.

As the shot came from the rear, and was aimed at him, Primrose Pete knew that it would not be safe to flee by the back trail.

He turned aside would expose him to the deadly revolvers of the mountain gambler; only one avenue of safety was there—an advance straight ahead, along the wagon trail.

Revolver Guy stood in the way; nevertheless Primrose Pete did not hesitate for an instant, but sprang upon the man in his path with the quickness and fury of a tiger.

The gambler of Rocket Bar saw the movement and attempted to draw his weapons. He was not quick enough, however, and a well-aimed blow from the butt of Primrose Pete's revolver sent Revolver Guy to the ground insensible.

With a cry of defiance Primrose Pete dashed down the wagon-trail with the fleetness of a deer.

In rapid succession came the sharp bark of revolvers in the ears of the cowboy sport, but every bullet flew wide of the mark.

After going a short distance Primrose Pete left the trail and entered a bush-lined gorge, disappearing from sight.

Five bearded, rough-looking men came rushing to the spot where lay Revolver Guy. One of these men bore a repeating rifle in his hands; the others were armed alone with revolvers and bowies. It was the rifle of this desperado that had first sent warning of danger to Primrose Pete.

Had the villains been discreet enough they might have either killed or captured the yellow-haired sport who had, since his coming to Rocket Bar, proven a veritable terror to the toughs.

"By Jodas! pards, hyar's the Captain."

"Dead!"

"Keeled up fur ther last time."

"And Primrose Pete are ther pilgrim that did it."

"Curse the cowboy sport!"

A groan interrupted the conversation over the supposed corpse of the gambler, and the next moment he sat up and looked about him, rubbing his head, where a sore spot had been made by the butt of Primrose Pete's revolver.

"Great antelopes! ther Cap'n comes up smilin' as you please," cried one of the toughs, with a grim laugh. "We thought you was done fur, boss."

"No cowboy can put me under," growled Revolver Guy, coming to his feet. "Where is the villain? Have you permitted him to escape?"

"I reckon that's about the size on't it," grunted one of the toughs.

An oath fell from the Captain's lips. For a time he was very angry, and belabored his tough friends with a venom that was disgusting. At length, however, he cooled down and said:

"There's no use in crying over spilled milk, pards. I've work for some of you. Mike Mullet has started for the plains with the women, and I want them taken care of. I had it all planned with Frisco Matt. Where is he?"

"Gone ter tend yer bidding, I reckon."

"It is well. Now, pards, get back to Rocket Bar. I hear that Mad Myrtle has been seen there lately, and I wish a personal interview with that lady."

"All right."

As the little party turned about, the man standing nearest Revolver Guy uttered a short cry and sank bleeding to the ground.

CHAPTER IX.

AN OMINOUS PROCEEDING.

Mrs. Harver and her daughter did not feel wholly at ease as they rode along behind the mules in company with the rough-looking teamster.

The road wound through the hills for several miles ere the trail debouched upon the prairie. Mike Mullet whistled cheerily as he cracked his whip, and for an hour all went pleasantly enough.

"Revolver Guy promised to send a guard. I wonder when they will come," said Nettie, after a long silence.

"I think we shall see the guard in good time," answered the widow. "I don't feel like borrowing trouble. Even without a guard there might be no danger."

"I wish Primrose Pete were here," sighed Nettie. "Perhaps it was wrong for us to leave before he returned."

"He promised to return long ago. He did not keep his word, and consequently I am inclined to believe that Revolver Guy spoke truly when he said that the cowboy was not to be trusted. We know but little of Primrose Pete, Nettie, and he may be our enemy after all."

"Father trusted him."

"True, but it might have been misplaced confidence."

"I do not think so. What of this Revolver Guy?"

"He has proven himself our friend."

"Perhaps, but we know even less of him than we do of Primrose Pete."

"But you cannot deny that he rendered welcome service this morning," said the widow; "you ought to feel grateful for that at least."

"I am grateful, only I cannot overcome the feeling that something is going wrong, what it is I am not able to say. I long to see the face of the gallant cowboy sport once more. I think he could advise us—"

The maiden's speech was cut short by the sudden halting of the cart, and then several mounted men appeared in the wagon trail just ahead.

"Hello, Mike!"

"All right, pards."

Four men, mounted on strong-limbed horses, leading two others, rode up on either side of the cart. They were bearded, rough-looking fellows, and Nettie felt an indefinable thrill of fear shoot through her frame as she caught the glow of the leader's black eyes fixed upon her face.

"This is the guard, women-folks," said "Yes," said Frisco Matt, who was the spokesman of the guard, "we were sent to look after the females by Cap'n Guy, an' see thet no harm come to 'em."

"We are thankful to the gentleman for his kindness," answered Mrs. Harver.

"G'long, greasers."

Once more Mike Mullet cracked his whip, and the cart began to move.

"Hold up, pard."

Frisco Matt reined his horse across the trail, thus halting the mules.

"Wal, wot's the word now?" growled Mullet, rather petulantly.

"No fuder this way," answered Frisco Matt.

"Eh?"

"No fuder this way ef yer want ter keep yer har," growled the giant tough. "The road a mile down yonder's full of Sioux—some o' ther late Sittin' Bull band, I reckon."

This announcement was startling in its nature, and the women were deeply alarmed.

"Wal?" questioned the mule teamster, his face an interrogation point.

"The cart must be abandoned. The women will git onto these animals, and we'll take a short cut across ther hills and sarcurvent them savages; it's ther only way."

The reason of Frisco Matt was certainly plausible, and the widow and her daughter, together with their little bundles, were quickly transferred to the backs of the led horses.

Frisco Matt and the mule-teamster then withdrew aside and held a short consultation, the purport of which did not reach the ears of Mrs. Harver and Nettie.

"Of course," said Frisco Matt. "Didn't he leave sich instructions wi' you?"

"No, he didn't, but I s'pose it's all right."

"We'll call it so, anyhow. Was yer lyin' 'bout them redskins, pard?"

Frisco Matt laughed and looked wise.

Mike felt that he understood the situation and asked no more questions.

"I'll drive back ter Rocket Bar an' consult Revolver Guy; mebbe he'll hev' another job fur me;" and the mule-teamster returned to his cart.

"G'long, greasers!"

Once more the mule-teamster's whip cracked, and with his animals headed toward Rocket Bar he moved slowly along the mountain wagon-trail.

And now Nettie and her mother found themselves pursuing a course along a narrow stony path almost at right angles with the trail they had heretofore been following.

It was not without misgivings that they saw the rocky hill shut in behind them, excluding from their gaze, perhaps forever, the winding wagon-trail that led to Rocket Bar.

In the meantime Mike Mullet was plying his whip and urging his mules to a run along the uneven trail.

"I'm agoin' ter git back ter ther Bar pretty sudden an' see wot Revolver Guy means by taken' the women out o' my hands."

On at a rattling pace went the old cart, jouncing and jolting over the stony road in a way that threatened to throw the driver from his seat.

"G'long, greasers!"

The voice of Mullet was continually injected into the ears of the galloping mules.

A sudden interruption came to the onward rush of the swift-flying vehicle. A pistol crack echoed down the mountain trail, and a leaden bee whispered in the ear of the mule-teamster as it swept past.

This summons to halt was not heeded, however, and, looking about in a scared

way, Mullet shouted to his mules to "g'long!"

Crack!

Another sharp report darted from the rocky mountain side, and this time man and mules came to a stand. A halt was obligatory upon them in this case, since the off mule sank dead in his tracks, bringing everything up standing.

"I think you'll understand that summons," said a stern voice, and then a man stepped from the clump of bushes and confronted Mike Mullet, covering him with the muzzle of a gleaming six-shooter.

The mule teamster trembled in spite of himself. He had drawn a revolver, but dared not use it.

"Don't raise your shooter, pard; it would be a summons to glory at once. Do you know me, Mike Mullet?"

"Y—yes. It are Primrose Pete, ther cowboy sport," stammered the man.

"D—d—don't kill me, sir, an' I'll give ye ther cart. I swar I haint got er nugget about me."

"I want neither nuggets nor carts," returned Primrose Pete, sternly. "I seek Mrs. Harver and her daughter. You have carried them away; you must tell me the truth, or I'll let daylight through your brains in the twinkling of an eye!"

"I—I haint seen the wimmin—"

"That will do. I want no lies from such as you. I see that you prefer to die rather than tell me the truth."

An ominous click followed the words, and the keen blue eye of Primrose Pete glanced along the barrel of a cocked revolver, the open muzzle of which covered the temple of the mule-teamster.

"D—don't shoot."

"The truth then," sternly.

"I—I left the wimmin four miles back; they went with another party."

"How?"

"On horses provided for the purpose."

"Which way did they go?"

"I don't know—"

"Be careful," warned the sport.

"It's Heaven's truth, pard," asserted Mullet earnestly. "I only know thet Frisco Matt and three pards met me an' truck ther wimmin out o' my hands. He said 'twor 'ordin' to orders from Revolver Guy. I gin up ther females, an' turned ther mules' noses toards Rocket Bar, whar I'd a-ben afore this ef you hedn't a-stopped me."

"Exactly."

Primrose Pete was a reader of human nature, and he could see that the man before him was speaking the truth.

"Ken I go now?"

"One moment. Which way did these villains go when they left you?—surely you can tell me that—the course they took when they left the wagon-trail?"

"Wal, they kinder bore west, and war out o' sight in no time. I didn't watch 'em."

"Exactly."

Still covering the tough with his weapon Primrose Pete seemed to be meditating upon what course to pursue. At length he said, without taking his eye from the teamster:

"You may drive on, only, when you see Revolver Guy, just please forget that you saw me."

The man could not drive on, but he sprang out, and, unhitching the live mule, mounted and rode away toward Rocket Bar.

CHAPTER X.

THE STARTLED GAMBLER.

Revolver Guy and his companions were astonished at what had occurred before their eyes. One of their number had fallen with a quivering shaft imbedded in his throat!

Quickly the gambler bent over his fallen follower.

"Dead, and an Indian arrow has found his life!" exclaimed the Montana gambler, in a grating voice.

Then he sprang upright, and with drawn revolver gazed sharply about him.

"Look out, pards, there's Indians at hand."

At this warning the four men from Rocket Bar drew their weapons and swept the mountain scenery with keen glances. Not a sign of human being greeted their vision.

"Mighty cur's reds," muttered one of the toughs. "Sh'd think they'd begin ter shoot an' yell. I reckon thar warn't mo'n one on 'em and he's dug out."

The speaker's companions were of the same mind when no further hostile demonstrations were made.

Revolver Guy bent once more over the fallen tough and with considerable difficulty drew the instrument of death from his bleeding throat. It was a slender shaft, with keen steel point.

"No Injen shot that," grunted one of the men.

"My opinion exactly," said Revolver Guy.

The next moment he was unwinding a bit of paper from the shaft that had been secured by a thread. He spread it out and saw several lines scrawled in lead pencil.

This is what he read:

REVOLVER GUY—The avenger never sleeps, but pursues his prey like a hound on the track of a deer. Remember the 10th of May, 18—

Blood calls for blood, and the bullet is already molded for the heart of Preston Forge!

No name was signed to the communication, but the gambler was none the less startled at what he read. His face faded to a deadly pallor, and his teeth were clinched until they cracked.

With a low imprecation he tore the note into fragments, cast the pieces to the ground, and crunched them under his heel.

"What was it, Captain?"

"A threat from our enemy."

"We've got lots of 'em. Which one mout this be from?" still questioned the tough.

"I can't say; from the fellow who sent that arrow to the life of Big Andy. I think, however, that Mad Myrtle may be at the bottom of this. She has a gang of Indians to aid her. I long to meet the mad princess. If she is playing into the hands of Primrose Pete we ought to know it."

"I kin swar thet she is, Cap'n," asserted one of the toughs. "Her red devils fit ter git Primrose away from us t'other night, on the level high Eagle's Nest."

"True enough," answered Revolver Guy. "There can be no doubt of the mad girl's enmity. I am nevertheless at a loss to understand why she should lead the red Montana devils against us."

"She's got Sioux blood in her veins, I reckon."

"Ah, you have met the girl, Nick?"

"You bet. Warn't I one o' them critters that got away by the skin o' my teeth t'other night? Great guns, Cap'n! she's a young tigress, a alligator on wheels, a dancin', clavin' wildcat—"

"That will do, Wild Nick," interrupted

Revolver Guy. "We will listen to the rest some other time. Just lend a hand and tote poor Andy to Rocket Bar. The boys'll be mad enough when they learn that Big Andy got his quietus from an Indian arrow. It may excite war with the Sioux once more."

"I say 'tain't no red thet did this," cried Wild Nick, with an oath for emphasis.

"It matters not," from Revolver Guy. "Take the body back to the Bar. I will go on in advance and prepare our friends for the sad cortege."

Then Revolver Guy tightened his belt and moved away.

He wished to be alone. His spirit was deeply troubled over the note he had received. It conveyed intelligence that a Nemesis was on his path anxious to send a bullet to his heart.

"By my soul! who could have penetrated the disguise of Revolver Guy here in Montana? I left no one on that fatal night who would be apt to follow me. That was ten years ago, and a red mask of paint hid my face. No, no; it cannot be that any one lives who would follow me to avenge the work of that night a decade ago. And yet the note mentioned the 10th of May. By my soul! I will find the writer of that note and put a quietus to his pretensions. I shall soon bid farewell to Rocket Bar and to the mountains of Montana."

A smile swept the face of the gambler, in spite of the fact that his spirit was troubled.

"Yes, a few days, perhaps hours, more, and I turn my back on Rocket Bar forever. I shall wed the pretty Nettie and become a great cattle king. That last stroke of mine was a master one. Ha! Perhaps this note refers to the last tragedy which occurred on the same day of the month."

Again the smile swept the face of the Montana gambler.

He gained Rocket Bar without molestation and repaired at once to Dan Snag's tavern—a saloon and gambling den that brought more money to its proprietor than would a small silver mine.

"Dan, I'm glad to see you; a little straight whisky."

This was Revolver Guy's greeting as he entered the front room of the log tavern.

Several men were playing cards at a table near by, no others being in the room. The foul tobacco smoke was so thick one could cut it with a knife.

Quaffing his liquor, Revolver Guy turned his back to the dirty bar, thus facing the four men at the gaming table.

"Boys, we're about to have hot times here in Rocket Bar."

The voice of Revolver Guy, keen and penetrating, shot through the room.

No one, however, seemed to notice the remark, and Guy, the gambler, scowled:

"The reds are on the war-path, and Rocket Bar is marked for destruction; now put that in your pipe and smoke it."

This had the desired effect.

"Soon the four card-players were crowding about the newcomer, plying him with rapid questions. Others came in from outside, and a crowd of the Bar's worst citizens was soon collected.

"Injins! Who says Injins?" demanded a burly red-shirt, pushing his way into the crowd.

"I say it," uttered Revolver Guy, in a loud voice.

"Thar hain't no reds near Rocket Bar."

"My friend, you are mistaken," returned the gambler, with his hand on the butt of a six-shooter. "One of my friends was shot dead, not an hour since, by an Indian."

"Dum'd ef I believe ther yarn."

Revolver Guy's weapon came up, and the gleaming muzzle peered in the face of the giant who had been bold enough to doubt the word of the Montana gambler.

"Eh! that's yer game, be it? Wah?"

The giant reeled back and dropped his hand to his belt.

Public Nuisances.

Reader, did you ever travel upon, or in a public conveyance, and feel that you were excessively annoyed? The railroad-car is the place where the public nuisance is most apt to take up his quarters. He usually gets on board at some small station, on a winter's day, when the mercury in the thermometer settles down to zero. He has, perhaps, ran a long distance, and his blood is heated, notwithstanding the chilly temperature. No sooner has the conductor made his rounds than he hoists his window to snuff the fresh air, and sits there puffing and blowing like a porpoise, while the other fifty occupants of the coach are shivering with cold.

To ask him to lower his window would be to insult his Americanism, and, perhaps, create trouble and a "scene." No passenger cares to get into an altercation with a big double-fisted bully, who has no manners to speak of. He is universally voted a nuisance.

We once saw a young lady get in a railroad-car at an Iowa station. She seated herself by an open window and drew out and began reading a ten-cent novel. The day was cold; we could well imagine that this young lady, sitting in a heated car, by an open window, was filling her head with nonsense and cold at the same time.

There is another class of public nuisances in the boys who sell articles on the cars. No sooner has the conductor passed on his first round, after leaving the starting point, than "the boy" passes along with papers, and then with books, then with apples and confections of a dozen different descriptions. If a passenger happens to be engaged in reading, the "train-boy" thinks nothing of nudging him in the ribs to attract his attention. Many persons think, when they buy from these boys, that they are encouraging some enterprising young merchant. Vain delusion! There is an old merchant behind him, who lays out his territory, furnishes him with books, etc., and pays him a small weekly salary for his impudence.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Five Thousand Dollars to Any Charitable Institution,

If It Cannot Be Done as It Is Stated.

Rochester, N. Y., Union and Advertiser.
Friends of ex-President Arthur are very much disquieted.

Of course he is not going to die! He is in the hands of a very particular physician. His doctor does not call it Bright's Disease! No, it is stomach disorder that he is suffering from now, and every few hours he takes a cold, and from time to time many other symptoms are developed. These symptoms the public should know are really secondary to Bright's Disease.

His physicians say that everything that medical skill can do for him is being done.

This is not so. The case is a prominent one because the General is an ex-President; and yet there are thousands of farmers quietly dying, in their farm-houses, of secondary symptoms of Bright's Disease, called by every other conceivable name; thousands of workmen, likewise dying, leaving helpless families; hundreds of thousands in all walks of life who have sickened, and are likewise dying, helpless victims of powerless physicians.

Eight years ago a very well-known gentleman was about to enter upon large commercial transactions. His medical adviser quietly dropped into his office one day and told him confidentially that he would be dead in three months, and that he ought to settle up his business affairs at once.

That man is alive and well to-day, yet he was given up as incurable with the same disease that is killing General Arthur.

Our reporter met this gentleman yesterday, and in conversation about the General's case he said:

"I will give \$5,000 to any charitable institution in the State of New York, to be designated by the editor of the New York World, the editor of the Buffalo News, and W. E. Kisselburgh of the Troy Times, if Warner's safe cure (taken according to my directions), which cured me eight years ago, can not cure General Chester A. Arthur of Bright's disease, from which he is suffering."

"Now I want you to understand," he said, "that we do not profess to make new kidneys, but we do know from personal experience, and from the experience of many thousands of similar cases, that we can stop the consumption of the kidneys. Many a man has gone through life with one kidney without inconvenience. Thousands of people have lived a majority of their life with one lung. They did not have a new lung made. We do not make new kidneys, but if the kidney is not consumed too much we can stop disease and prolong life if taken in time."

This offer comes from H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, of this city.

Mr. Warner also said: "My dear sir, there are Governors, Senators, Presidential candidates, members of Congress, prominent men and women all over the country whom I personally know have been cured of disease, such as General Arthur suffers from, by our Warner's safe cure, but owing to the circles in which they move they do not care to give public testimony to the fact."

Mr. Warner is interested in General Arthur's case because he is personally acquainted with him, and he says that it is a shame that any man should be allowed to die under the operation of old-fashioned, powerful cathartics, which have no curative effects, rather than that a modern, conceded specific for kidney disease, whose worth is acknowledged world-wide, should save him.

"If you doubt the efficacy of Warner's safe cure," say the proprietors, "ask your friends and neighbors about it. This is asking but little. They will tell you all you want to know." "We have kept a standing offer before the public for four years," says Mr. Warner, "that we will give \$5,000 to any person who can successfully dispute the genuineness, so far as we know, of the testimonials we publish, and none have done it."

Were General Arthur a poor man, unable to be left "in the hands of his physician," he would use that great remedy, as many thousands of others have done, and get well. How absurd, then, for people to say that everything that can be done is being done for the ex-President, when the one successful remedy in the world that has cured, or that can cure, a case like his has not been used by them.

JOHN BURROUGHS' "HEALTH HABITS."

In answer to an inquiry concerning his habits of living, Mr. John Burroughs, widely known as a man of letters, writes:

"I gave up the use of meat on the advice of my physicians two years ago, and my health has been much better since. I find I need less physical exercise, that my nerves are much steadier, and that I have far fewer dull, blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat. In summer I make very free use of milk. I eat eggs, oysters, fish and fowl, oatmeal, hominy, beans, and a great deal of fruit of all kinds. When I can get good buttermilk I want no better drink. There is great virtue in buttermilk. One year ago I gave up the use of coffee, and I find I am greatly the gainer by it. Certain periodical headaches with which I was afflicted I attributed to coffee. It seems that the only part of my organization that needs stimulating is the secretive; meat and coffee clog and hinder these functions, while a fruit and vegetable diet favors them. One must study his own animal economy and adapt his habits of eating and drinking and of work to it. What suits me will not suit all."—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Our Worst Enemies.

Next to our vices, are our follies. Among them is the imperiling of future bodily comfort, and the average tenure of life to which persons of moderately good constitutions are presumably entitled, by imprudence in eating and drinking, and the reckless use of drugs. It is one of the happy capabilities of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters that it can repair damages thus inflicted. When the blood is thin and watery, the bowels out of order, the complexion and tongue both giving evidence of biliousness, there is a necessity for repairs upon the human tenement obvious enough to startle its possessor. A course of the Bitters, the abandonment of "drugging" for relief, and a common-sense diet and mode of life—these will speedily produce a change for the better. What quinine for fever and ague, and mercury for biliousness and constipation, won't do, the Bitters will. It also relieves rheumatism and neuralgia, and inactivity of the kidneys.

The opal imparts apprehension and insights, and is the emblem of unrealized hope.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A PRE-EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

A writer in China claims to have discovered a record of the existence of a speaking phonograph in that country as far back as the seventeenth century. The instrument is mentioned as "the thousand-li speaker," and the description is as follows: "It was a bamboo tube covered with a disk of glass and opened by a key. After speaking into it several thousand words, it was closed and carried to a distance not exceeding a thousand li. On opening it and applying the ear, a voice was still distinctly heard. If carried a greater distance the voice became indistinct." Dr. Macgowan suggests that indistinctness might result from injury sustained by the apparatus in a long trip over the rough roads.

The true secret of success is merit. This is so with Red Star Cough Cure, a purely vegetable compound, entirely free from opiates, poisons and narcotics, and which has received the public endorsement of physicians and chemists everywhere. Twenty-five cents.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

He was a mysterious state prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV. of France. He wore a black mask, not of iron, but one of black velvet stiffened with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock or by steel springs. He was secretly conveyed about 1679, wearing this mask as a disguise, to the castle of Pignerol. In 1686 he was removed to the isle of Sainte Marguerite, and in 1698 was carried to the Bastille in Paris, where he died in 1703. He was always treated with great respect and courtesy, but was continually watched, and during all those years of imprisonment was never seen without the mask. His identity has never been established.

The Vice President of the City Brewery, Mr. J. Helms, of Louisville, Ky., was entirely cured in one week of a severe attack of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Young Man—Do you want a drug clerk?

Druggist—I do; have you studied any?

Young Man—Ah, yes. I'm well up in the business.

Druggist—Can you tell the difference between morphine and quinine?

Young Man—Ah, yes; easily.

Druggist—How?

Young Man—By watching the purchaser and seeing if he dies.—*Tid-Bits.*

AYER'S AGUE CURE is warranted a sure cure for all malarial disorders.

"AND how old are you, my little man?" "I'm not old at all; I'm nearly new!"

THE beneficial results produced by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer are wonderful.

"ALL flesh is grass," but some people display more greenness than others.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, sparrows, jack rabbits, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

BUCHU-PAIBA.

Cures all Kidney Affections, Scalding, Irritations, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. \$1.

ROUGH ON RATS.

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, vermin, water-bugs, skunks. 15c.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

A Most Liberal Offer!

THE VOLTAIC BELL CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated VOLTAIC BELLS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc. Illustrated pamphlets in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

ONE greasing with Fraser Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it.

A SNOW-PLOW is like a bad habit—a good thing to cut adrift.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food.

Mrs. DAVID RICHARD, Waterloo, Iowa, says: "I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters has completely cured me."

Mr. W. H. HITCHCOCK, Greene, Iowa, says: "I suffered with Dyspepsia for four years. Less than three bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters cured me. I take great pleasure in recommending it."

Mrs. W. L. LAWRENCE, 405 S. Jackson St., Jacksonville, Mich., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia, and consider it an unequalled remedy. Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no others. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD."

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AYER'S AGUE CURE is warranted a sure cure for all malarial disorders.

"Blood Will Tell."

Yes, the old adage is right, but if the liver is disordered and the blood becomes thereby corrupted, the bad "blood will tell" in diseases of skin and throat, in tumors and ulcers, and in tubercles in the lungs (first stages of consumption) even although the subject be descended in a straight line from Richard Coeur de Lion, or the noblest Roman of them all. For setting the liver in order no other medicine in the world equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Try it, and your "blood will tell" the story of its wonderful efficacy.

SOME men are like eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad until they are broke.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It is the man with a dark beard who never says dye.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health, and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Impotence, Nervous Debility, Consumption, Wasting Diseases, Decline. It has cured thousands, will cure you.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Ague, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer. "Elegant Tonic for Adults or children."

LIFE PRESERVER.

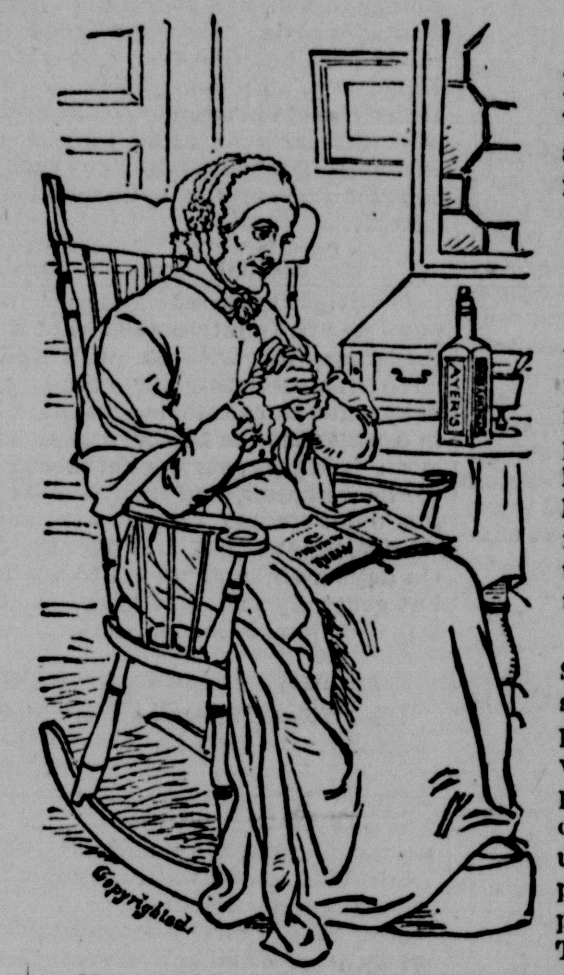
If you are losing your grip on life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. Great Appetizer, and aid to Digestion, giving strength to stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a cure was effected.

My wife was taken sick with rheumatism. The good effects of Athlophoros were felt with the first dose, and after twenty-four hours, all pain had disappeared. After using one bottle she could sit up. L. R. Stricklin, Raleigh, Ill.

BEST, easiest to use, and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.



Keep the blood pure, and invigorate the system, by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



TOWER'S SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

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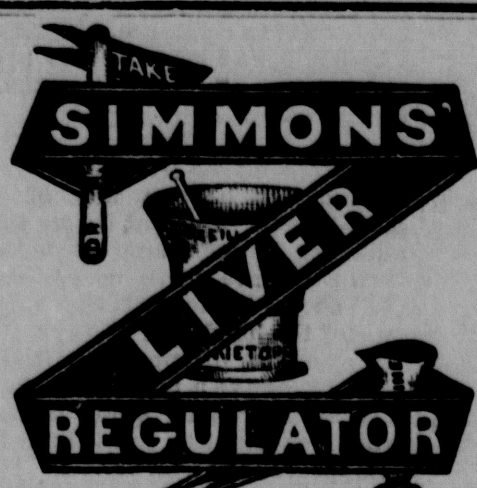
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RAILROAD TIME TABLE. CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R. R. TRAINS GOING EAST. Sterling Passenger 1:02, A. M. Pacific Express 10:52, " Marshalltown Passenger 2:05, P. M. Leaves 2:20, " Denver Passenger 3:10, A. M. Freight 3:51, P. M. Freight 7:46, A. M. Freight 1:43, P. M. GOING WEST. Sterling Passenger 7:42, P. M. Pacific Express 3:42, " Marshalltown Passenger leaves 12:45, Denver Passenger 1:37, A. M. Freight (except Monday) 5:48, Freight 12:25, P. M. Freight 3:00, " Freight 5:45, " Freight carrying passengers. Pacific Express runs every third Sunday. H. E. HAND, Agent. ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. GOING SOUTH. Passenger 11:04, A. M. Passenger 3:30, " New Passenger 5:57, P. M. GOING NORTH. Passenger 2:15, P. M. Passenger 12:37, A. M. New Passenger 6:16, A. M. W. C. WOOLEY, Agent. *Daily except Sunday. Daily except Monday

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO. SCENES WITNESSED AT A COLORED REVIVAL IN SAVANNAH. A Season of Religious Interest Lasting from November Till May—Breaking Out in Rapturous Song—"Dipping in the Golden Sea"—Wages.

On these moonlight evenings the stroller toward the west end of the city will see all the sidewalks thronged by cheerful darkies, pressing toward the center of town at an early hour, and toward the western suburbs at a later hour. Moving in that direction a few blocks all the streets and houses take a different look; the former are narrow and unpaved, the latter set in bunches, and nearly all their leisure is spent in the open air. The banjo and violin are heard on every square. The little dark saloons are marked by red lights, and the narrow alleys and open spaces resound with riotous merriment. Every saloon that is big enough has a pool table, and a fairly exciting article of tangle foot is retailed at 5 or 10 cents a "jigger," according to the wish of the customer. Restaurants abound, each about six or eight feet square, with a little two-by-two counter displaying candy, cigars and sand wiches.

STRONG ON REVIVALS AND FUNERALS. Colored churches also abound, of all sizes, from the large building, which will seat a thousand, down to a mere board chapel; and in various private houses prayer meetings are in progress. I should say that one-half the colored people are now attending some kind of religious service every night in the week. In one evening's walk through their section I found six meetings, large and small, in progress. There is seldom a time from November till May that a "glorious revival" is not going on, and often three are running at once. The negro is strong on revivals, and on funerals he is simply immense. In the country every black person who knew the deceased negro in his life goes to the funeral. If one dies in the forenoon the fact is known for six or seven miles around before night—shouted from field to field by the laborers, and the report sent by swift-footed children to houses too far away for shouting the news. From field to field thus runs the word: "O-o-h, Fannie! Gwynne to set up to-night!" "Why, who-o-o's dead?" "Aunt Polly's Susie-gwynne!" "Why, shuah!" "We'll send de word on!"

Just at present a "powerful revival" is devastating the congregation of the big church here, and evening after evening the scenes are wonderful. The vast edifice crowded above and below with blacks, the loud and long prayers in a tone of moving energy, the fervent responses, and the groans and cries of forty or fifty "mourners" make up a panorama that thrills the blood. After each reported conversion the sisters break out in rapturous songs, and when there is delay or an apparent tending to coldness the appeals in song are startlingly vivid, as: Jesus my all to heaven is gone— Is anybody here gittin' ready? He whom I fix my hopes upon— Is anybody here gittin' ready? O-o-o, sinners come! O-o-o, sinners come! Is you gittin' ready to die? I fell to de door wid my load of sin— Is anybody here gittin' ready? But Jesus come and hope (helped) me in— Is anybody here gittin' ready? O-o-o, sinners, come, etc.

DIPPING IN THE GOLDEN SEA. But when the harvest has come, then there is music: I see Sain' Fetah a-standin' in de do', Dip in de golden sea! And all my friends dat went befo' Dip in de golden sea! Ho say to me, sistah, how do you do? Go set right yondah in de ivory pew! Chorus: O, dip we, bathe we, sisters you, O, brothers, won't you help us through? We'll all ride behind de milk-white steeds, And dip in de golden sea!

It was worth while to be poor and ignorant if it would insure one to see supernatural things as clearly as they seem to; but the seniors complain bitterly that the "old spirituals" are no longer sung as once they were. The educated young negro can not roar them forth with the fervor the slaves did. And how do all these people live? Well, for eight months in the year there is plenty of work, and at fairly good wages the men earn from 75 cents to \$1.50 per day at the commonest labor, and many in vocations requiring some skill get \$2 a day from October till April. There is, first, all the heavy handling of ship stores on the long wharves loaded with Georgia pine, tar, rosin, and turpentine. Cotton handling is the negro's monopoly. It is never too hot for him about the compress or the wharf. Fish and oysters employ hundreds. All the

graying is done by negroes. At least half the crews of the many little sail vessels are black. Of course there are no white barbers, hotel waiters, bootblacks, scavengers, or porters. I have yet to see a white nurse-maid, and white house-servants are very rare. Four-fifths of the dealers in the market house are black. All the wood, coal, ashes, fruit, and provisions I see in transit are in charge of black men. And scores of lines I lack space to mention they monopolize.—"Parke's" Savannah Letter in Chicago Times.

Making an Orange Disappear. Magicians have a way of making an article disappear right before the eyes of an audience, but of course we understand that such tricks are mere deceptions which are used as illustrations of the superior swiftness of the hand over the eye, for the article, as a rule, disappears up the magician's sleeve. I have a trick, though, that is not a trick in the same sense as the other, and which causes the quick and irretrievable disappearance of an article. It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact, and that is my way of making an orange disappear—shooting it through the center, which scatters it into such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight. Try it yourself and see if what I say is not so.—Dr. W. F. Carver.

CURIOUS CLASS OF PHENOMENA. Serious Attention Given to "Mesmeric," "Psychical" and "Spiritistic." A notable feature of the tendencies of scientific thought to-day is the serious attention given to the class of phenomena known as "mesmeric," "psychical" and "spiritistic." Where formerly those concerned in these matters were chiefly ignorant, superstitious, credulous and of ill-balanced minds, it appears that intelligent people are more and more giving their attention to them, with the growing conviction that there is, after all, "something in them," and that, amid a great deal of deception, there remain facts which cannot be explained by any accepted laws. Investigators have hitherto had to pursue their researches in the face of much prejudice, it having been considered disreputable to have anything to do with such matters.

Even men of the highest standing in science and of unimpeachable character, like Alfred Russell Wallace, Baron Von Reichenbach and Professors Crookes and Zollner, who began their investigations in the skeptical spirit which is the first requisite, were persecuted and maligned by many of their fellow-scientists for the conclusions which they reached. Then the London Dialectic society appointed a committee of investigation, but when a report corroborating the actuality of such phenomena was presented, the society refused to receive it. Then, in the beginning of 1882, the English Society for Psychical Research was formed with the aim of approaching the various problems involved "without prejudice or prepossession of any kind, and in the same spirit of exact and unimpassioned inquiry which has enabled science to solve so many problems once not less obscure nor less hotly debated." The society, which included many of the most eminent men in England, accumulated a great mass of evidence concerning thought-transference, or "mind reading," apparitions, etc.

This fact was the occasion for the formation, at a meeting held in Boston in 1884, of the American Society for Psychical Research, the founders of which felt that the evidence published by the English society was of a measure not to be ignored by scientific men. Following the methods pursued by other scientific observations, which, when published, immediately invite many careful students to the work of corroboration or disproof, the American society felt that there was a duty of systematically repeating observations similar to those made in England with a view to confirming them if true, and definitely pointing out the sources of error in them if false. The American society, which has been quietly at work for something like a year, has already attained a considerable membership, and finds a widespread interest in the subject. The object of the society is briefly defined to be "the systematic study of the laws of mental action." The officers include leading men of science in various parts of the country, and other eminent gentlemen interested in the subject. They represent all shades of opinion, some believing, others disbelieving, while others are indifferent to, the existence of so-called psychical laws.—Boston Herald.

Japan Journal on the Chinese Question. Since it is a fact that citizens of the United States have, without any reasonable excuse, injured citizens of the Chinese empire within the territory of the United States, we see no reason whatever why the American government should not pay a proper indemnity to the Chinese government. We believe that in ordinary cases, under similar circumstances, the United States would without hesitation accede to the demand of compensation. But there is one thing which makes the case especially unfavorable to the Chinese empire. That is, the world does not look upon the American-Chinese trouble as an ordinary international affair. It is only when contestants are not very unequal in their respective situations, that the question of right and wrong plays any important part in the settlement of a dispute. When two persons of very different social standing quarrel, the rule is that the one of the higher position is generally considered right, and the other wrong. For instance, in the feudal times, when a samurai (retainer) and a yeta (the lowest caste) entered into a quarrel, the result, nine times out of ten, was that, however reasonable the latter's claim might be, the samurai was declared right and the yeta wrong. This was not only because the law of our country was at that time very imperfect, but chiefly because it was recognized by all the Japanese as a matter of fact that the yeta was not an ordinary human being, but a creature a degree below mankind; and that any common human being was just as right in beating and killing this inferior creature as in similarly treating a dog or a cat. Thus to ill-treat a yeta was regarded by the old Japanese neither as a moral offense nor as a legal offense.

Now, it can not be denied that the Americans look upon the Chinese to-day as our samurai looked upon the yeta in the feudal times. Since the Americans do not admit the Chinese to be their equals, they do not much hesitate to inflict any kind of injury upon the latter. Not only the Americans themselves, but the other civilized nations of

the world, entertain the same feeling against the Chinese. Hence the recent massacre of the Chinese in the United States does not receive severe condemnations from other civilized countries. There are, indeed, some people here and there, who denounce the brutality of the rioters and sympathize with the poor Chinamen. But we are afraid that their motive in so doing is of the same nature as that of a grandmother who chides her grandchild for teasing a cat, or of a philanthropist who pities an unfortunate horse whipped by a cruel master.—Translated from Jiji Simpo.

A Wife for the Emperor of China. The Emperor Kuang-Su being now in his 15th year, it has been decided to take the necessary steps for providing him with an imperial consort. Accordingly, a selection of Manchurian girls will shortly be made, and from these the new empress and the members of the seraglio will be chosen. The procedure adopted in the choice of an empress consort is a strange mixture of tradition and superstition.—Exchange.

Arthur's Life at the White House. Arthur always had a basket of fresh flowers on his desk before him, and he often wore a bouquet in his buttonhole. He was a hard worker while he was here at Washington, though he rose late. His breakfast would usually be taken about 10 o'clock and it generally consisted of a cup of coffee and a role with an egg. Immediately on rising from bed he took a cold bath and a shave. I think he had a man to shave him. After his little snack of breakfast he went into his office and received visitors and dictated replies to his mail till 2 o'clock, when he had luncheon. After luncheon he would take a smoke, and he always used the best of cigars. He sometimes smoked at his work, and during a part of his White House life he would stop work at 5 o'clock and take a horseback ride. He rode good horses and rode them fast, and would get back in time to dress for dinner at about 7.

His dinners were irregular, sometimes later than this. They would last, according to his company, for an hour or more, and it was not an unusual thing for him to sit till 12 o'clock and later at the table. At these times he had, of course, guests, and the dinner was very fine. It is said that he seldom gave a dinner which did not cost at least \$5 a plate. He was a good judge of wines and liked the best, and seldom ate a dinner without them. There were flowers always beside his dinner plates, and for each man who sat down at his table there was a buttonhole bouquet, and for each lady a boutonniere corsage.—"Carp" in Cleveland Leader.

An English Tramp's Family. A little "Primrose League" newspaper published in Dumfries tells us of a tramp of that place who, with his wife and family, have been subsisting for many weeks on a baby—not as cannibals, but as Christians, in a way that the father explained as follows: "We just gets 'im christened at all the towns we passes, and then you see the parson's hof course makes hus comfortable with summat to eat and money for beds. On days awful bad we 'ad to do 'im twice, but generally one christenin' a day does hus."—Leland's London Letter.

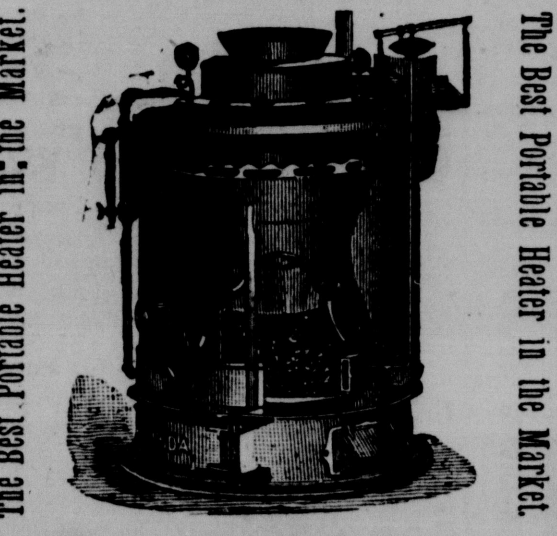
Landlord's Plan to Avoid "Tips." His system, if peculiar, is certainly an ingenious one. He has divided his corps of waiters into three sets, which during an ordinary meal employs one to each course. The meal is ordered by a guest of one waiter, is brought by another and served, while a waiter, or waitress, takes and executes the order for dessert. No one waiter having served one guest throughout a meal, no tip is expected and none offered.—Merchant Traveler.

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"OCCIDENTAL" and Mt. PISGAH," Napa County, Cal.

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Old Government Port Wine, extra superior. Bottle. \$1.00. Gallon \$3.50.

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Grahams. 81.

Grahams Rye. 81.

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